THE REAL REASON FOR LINDY'S LATEST FLIGHT

Liberty

NOV. 11, 1933

5¢

NRA MEMBER U.S.

WE DO OUR PART

BALDY McCOWEN

WHAT ROOSEVELT DID TO HOOVER'S PREDICTIONS

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES—

TO BE AMERICA'S GREATEST STUNT GIRL

FROM A RACING AUTO into a hurtling plane...It's all in the day's work for Mary Wiggins. She says, "Camels never give me edgy nerves even when I smoke a lot."

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CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES **NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE**

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NOVEMBER 11, 1933

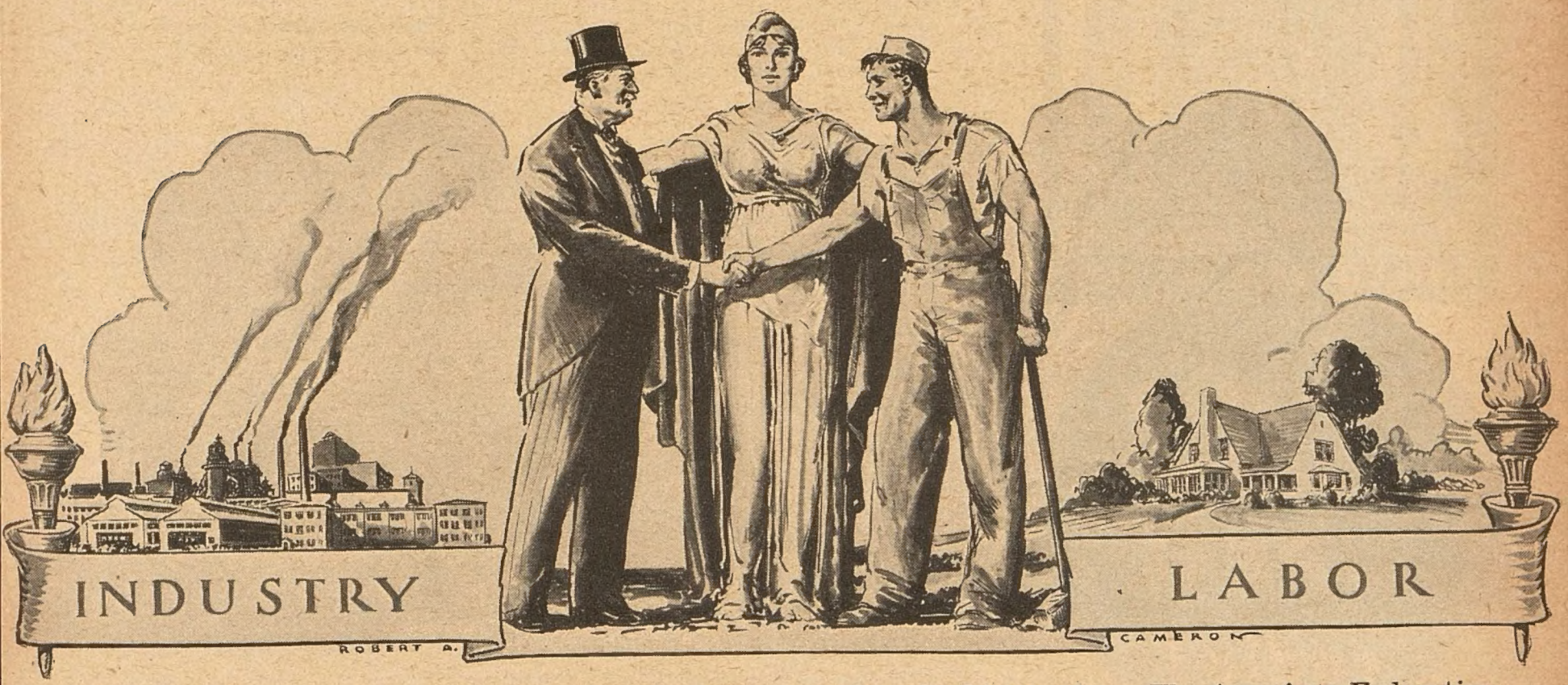
Liberty

VOL. 10, NO. 45

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

OUR GREATEST MENACE



PATRIOTISM is the greatest need of the hour. It calls for a willingness on the part of our citizens to make sacrifices.

There is entirely too much greed and selfishness in evidence everywhere. It is displayed freely by capitalistic leaders, and it is just as apparent among many of the leaders of labor.

Capitalism has many faults, but the one thing that interests financial leaders is the stability of the government. If the government goes bankrupt or is disorganized or displaced by revolutionary forces, capital loses everything. And that means that everybody who owns a home or has private property of any kind shares in this loss.

Literally millions of people have had to lose their savings within the last few years through bank failures. The destruction of this capitalistic government would mean the elimination of all property values—nobody would own anything. We would all have to begin over again. And whatever privileges we might secure would have to come from a new governmental régime, whatever it might be.

The danger that this country is facing at this time is the power gained by organized forces who are opposed to capitalism.

Organized labor has been a great force for good, and the opportunity presented by the NRA to strengthen the unions can be used to the advantage of the people generally. But any organized force that is opposed to our present government or to a legitimate peaceful revision of our legal procedure is liable to become a serious menace.

There are said to be more than forty million workers in this country. The American Federation of Labor claims its membership totals approximately four million. It is, therefore, representing ten per cent of the workers of this country.

And as long as its activities represent constructive effort legitimately to increase the wages of its own men, it should be applauded. As long as it is led by a level-headed executive like President Green its activities should be constructive. But racketeering has crept into the ranks of labor, and if men of this type should become directing powers there would be danger ahead.

The government should encourage the unionization of labor—not one organization, but many. In fact, it should applaud the efforts to harmonize forces that have similar aims. But too much power turned over to one organization, whether it be labor or capital, is dangerous. It usually fosters arrogance and injustice.

It is our desire that Liberty espouse the cause of the people—all the people: not a clique or a class, not capital, not labor union or nonunion, but everybody.

We have to applaud the principles of capitalism, for capitalism means the private ownership of property. Remove this principle and nobody can own anything.

We believe in a fair field and no favors, and this policy has not been adhered to in the past by any means; but we are hoping that the New Deal will help to destroy the selfish forces that have been working against this basic principle.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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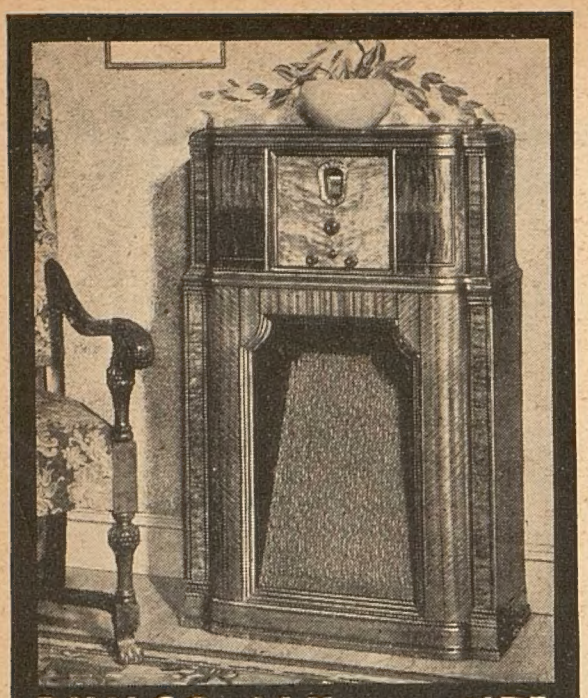

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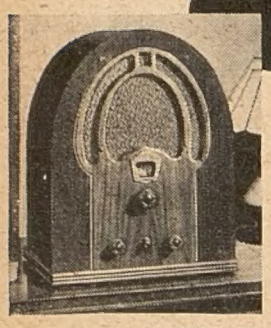

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WILL JAPAN COMMIT SUICIDE?

By

Leon Trotsky

A sensational prophecy by the man who once led Soviet Russia's armies

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WHAT PRICE ARMISTICE?

A great new story

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

TARZAN and the LION MAN

The second installment of the greatest of all stories written around the most widely known character in fiction—

By

Edgar Rice Burroughs

What Roosevelt *did to* Hoover's Predictions

"Grass Will Grow in the Streets," He Said in '32—Well, Let's See

By

JAY FRANKLIN

(Reading time: 14 minutes 45 seconds.)

A YEAR ago, on October 31, 1932, in Madison Square Garden, Herbert Hoover delivered what was meant to be the knockout speech of his campaign.

President Hoover was fighting grimly for permission to retain his office. Into that last speech he put everything he had. The Republican medicine men had sat up nights over it. Ogden Mills, Franklin Fort, Reed Smoot, Everett Sanders, and James Francis Burke had shot the works. It had been okayed by Wall Street and was intended to be a crushing blow.

It was a good speech, perhaps even a great speech. Rereading it now, it still makes sense. Hoover counted on it to swing the "silent vote." He was tired out, worn by his exertions. There were pouches under his eyes and his voice was hoarse with speech-making as he pitched into Governor Roosevelt—who was fresh as a daisy, confident and smiling—for all the "heresies" of the Democratic Party. Roosevelt's victory would mean national ruin and the end of the American way of doing things, said President Hoover, and he proceeded to outline in detail all that would happen.

"The grass will grow in streets of a hundred cities, a thousand towns," he said. "The weeds will overrun the fields of millions of farmers. Their churches, their hospitals and schoolhouses will decay."

After this speech was over, so was the election. The same malign misquotation which had twisted Hoover's "great social experiment, noble in motive" into "the noble experiment" neglected to point out that Hoover had threatened this epidemic of grass and weeds if the protective tariff were repealed. It was a good speech; but it didn't get to first base at the time.

Now, a year later, it is worth while investigating what the former President actually did say. He made eight specific charges against the Democratic Party, and pointed out in each case the disasters which would attend the adoption of these Democratic policies. Each of Hoover's eight points of attack was well selected and each of his prophecies was lurid.

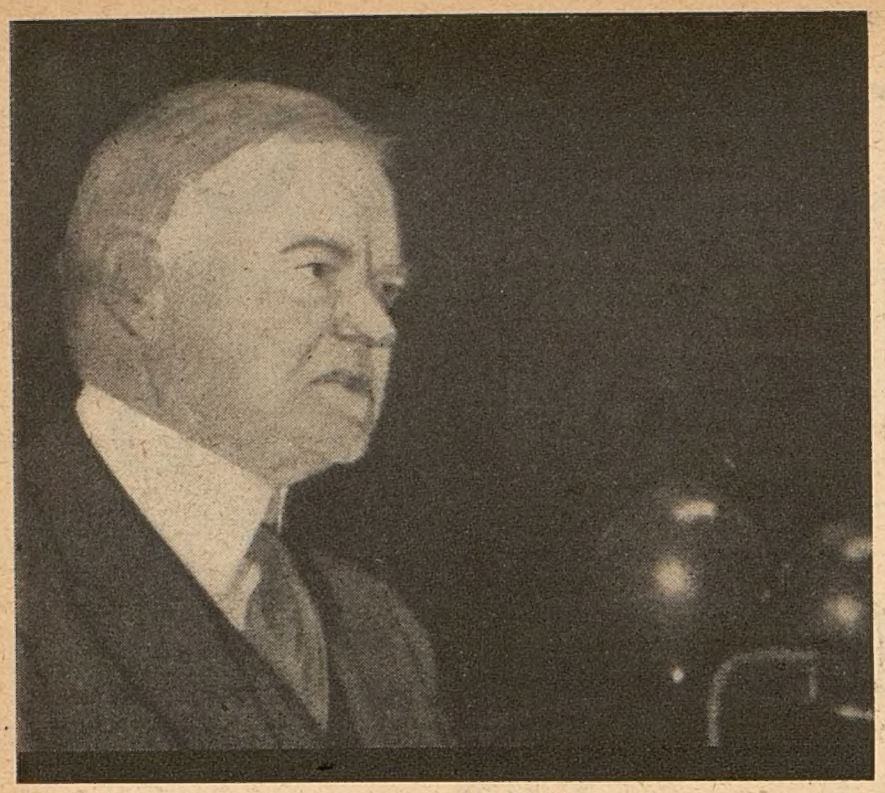
1. Hoover's Attack. "A proposal of our opponents [the Democrats] which would break down the American system is the expansion of government expenditures by yielding to sectional and group raids upon the public treasury."

Hoover's Prophecy. Pointing out that in 1914 the average citizen, through taxes, worked twenty-five days a year for all forms of government (local, state, and federal), in 1924 he worked forty-six days, and in 1932 sixty-one days, the President said: "No nation can conscript its citizens for this proportion of men's time without national impoverishment and destruction of their liberties."

Roosevelt's Record. Sectional raids on the public treasury? Where are they? The Public Works Administration, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration have been nonpartisan and nonsectional in disposing of their funds.

Group raids on the public treasury? On the contrary, the National Economy Act, whatever its merits as public policy, was a bold defiance of the best organized group of federal beneficiaries in the country—the Veterans. As for the farmers, Hoover himself gave half a billion dollars to the Federal Farm Board in an effort to save them. Under Roosevelt the Farm Relief is handled through the processing tax on the basis of compliance with the crop-reduction program. No raid on the public treasury here, although the consumer's pocketbook is tapped.

The Republicans are defied to produce evidence of huge sectional or group raids on the public treasury under the Roosevelt administration. True, the Roosevelt admin-



istration has assumed liabilities for the government amounting to about $7,500,000,000 (mortgage relief and public works). But these figures are gross, take no account of repayment of loans or of the fact that the obligations for $4,000,000,000 worth of mortgage-relief bonds apply only to the payment for seventeen years, not to principal.

National impoverishment? Whose policies fostered the Hoover Panic?

Destruction of our liberties? Whose liberties have been destroyed by Roosevelt? The liberty of employers to use child labor, to run sweatshops, and to deny organized labor the right of collective bargaining. The liberty of a banker to bankrupt a community. The liberty of brokers to foist worthless securities upon investors. The liberty of hoarders to conceal little disks of yellow material and little slips of yellow-backed paper.

2. Hoover's Attack. "Another proposal of our opponents which would destroy the American system is that of inflation of the currency."

Hoover's Prophecy. "The new currency [greenbacks] must go to immediate and constantly fluctuating discount when associated with currency convertible into gold. . . . The invariable effect is the withdrawal of a vast sum of good money from circulation, and at once the government is forced to print more and more bad paper currency."

Roosevelt's Record. Hoover's attack was correct. Inflation has become the law of the land. The limited inflation, the authority to print silver certificates, to reduce the gold content of the dollar, marks an open departure from the Republican "sound-money" policy which produced the forced closing of every bank in the country.

HOOVER'S prophecy, however, was haywire. Granted that the dollar fluctuates in foreign exchange, the gold-export embargo, with the official outlawry of gold and gold certificates, has not only prevented the "bad money" from driving out the "good"; it has converted what used to be "good money" into "bad money," the possession of more than $100 in gold or gold certificates being punishable. Hence, there has been no case of the government being forced to print "more and more bad paper currency"—while the government's refusal to pay its interest on its gold bonds in gold has relieved it of having to buy gold currency with those notes which simply state that they are "lawful money of the United States."

We may yet be driven into inflation on a big scale, but the effects and course of the inflation which we now have with a 65-cent dollar show that Hoover simply didn't know what he was talking about. He assumed that because postwar inflation in Germany was horrible, any inflation here would automatically follow the same course which Hoover had observed in Europe. He forgot that our country is practically a self-contained continent.

3. Hoover's Attack. "In the last session, the Congress, under the personal leadership of the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate, and their allies in the Senate, enacted a law to extend the government into personal banking business. . . . This is still in their purpose as a part of the new deal."

Hoover's Prophecy. "It would mean loans . . . to anybody who wants money. . . . It would require the setting up of a huge bureaucracy, to establish branches in every county and town. . . . This proposal violates every sound principle of public finance and of our government."

Roosevelt's Record. President Roosevelt has not put the government into the personal banking business. Instead, the Federal Reserve Board is given power to alter the reserve requirements of member banks. In this way the banks can be compelled to extend credit—not through political channels but through normal banking channels—for the financing of business under the NRA and the other recovery measures. Heavy political pressure is being brought to bear to compel the banks to act like banks and not like safe-deposit boxes. Only if the bankers refuse to extend credit will there ever be any need for government control of banking. The bankers are in fact being given—like the rest of us—one more chance to make good through the New Deal.

4. Hoover's Attack. "Another proposal . . . which would wholly alter our American system of life is to reduce the protective tariff to a competitive tariff for revenue." *Hoover's Prophecy.* The grass-growing-in-the-streets line.

Roosevelt's Record. President Roosevelt endeavored at the World Economic Conference at London to find some basis for coöperation with the European nations in reduction of tariffs. There was nothing doing. He will try again, at the Pan-American Conference at Montevideo, Uruguay, this December, to strike up closer trade relations with our neighbors in this hemisphere. There is reason to believe that some of our European competitors have helped stir up continued trouble in Cuba, in the hope that we will be forced into intervention and thereby lose all chance of economic and political coöperation in Latin America.

THE administration has sponsored no legislation for a tariff reduction. Instead, the President is given power to boost duties sky-high, to apply quotas, or even embargoes, to foreign imports. As a matter of fact, NRA and A. A. A. have made the Democratic administration more high-tariff than the Republicans.

5. Hoover's Attack. "Another proposal is that the government go into the power business."

Hoover's Prophecy. "I hesitate to contemplate the future of our institutions, of our government, and of our country if the preoccupation of its officials is to be no longer the promotion of justice and equal opportunity, but is to be devoted to barter in the markets."

Roosevelt's Record. Hoover was right in fact. The Roosevelt administration *has* put the government into the power business at Muscle Shoals, and will do so on the Columbia River, the St. Lawrence, and at Boulder Dam—four points at which the government can apply the measuring rod of costs against the charges of the utilities magnates.

As for the prophecy, who cares? For many years cities and towns have had the right—against the will of the power barons—to run their own power plants; why not the government? The nation will not crumble if the Tennessee Valley Authority produces and sells cheap hydroelectric power throughout the south-central states. Some utility companies and their financial backers may be pretty crumbly if they do, however.

6. Hoover's Attack. "Recently there was circulated through the unemployed in this country a letter from the Democratic candidate [Roosevelt] in which he stated that he 'would support measures for the inauguration of self-legislating public works . . . to provide employment for all surplus labor at all times.'"

Hoover's Prophecy. "I protest against such frivolous promises being held out to a suffering people. . . . No such employment can be found. If it were possible to give the employment to 10,000,000 people by the government, it would cost upward of $9,000,000,000 a year.

" The stages of this destruction would be, first, securities, the destruction of every federacy trust in our country, insurance policies and all. It would pull down the employment of those who are still at work by the high taxes and the demoralization of credit upon which their employment is dependent. It would mean the pulling and hauling of politics for projects and measures, the favoring of localities, sections, and groups. It would mean the growth of a fearful bureaucracy which, once established, could never be dislodged. If it were possible, it would mean one third of the electorate with government jobs, earnest to maintain this bureaucracy and to control the political destinies of the country."

Roosevelt's Record. In this attack and prophecy Mr. Hoover came so near to scoring a bull's-eye that it is worth while taking careful stock of the situation.

Roosevelt secured immediate employment for 300,000 young unemployed through the Civilian Conservation Corps; reëmployment during the summer added 2,000,000 men to private pay rolls; the NRA campaign has afforded jobs to about 2,000,000 more at the time of writing, when there are still between eight and ten million unemployed.

The expenditure for the Public Works program amounts to a total of $3,300,000,000.

There are between fifteen and twenty million Americans on the relief rolls today.

Unemployment is not solved in the sense that there is " employment for all surplus labor at all times." Hoover was right here.

Government credit, however, has not been destroyed. It is the only sound credit in the country and the banks wish to oversubscribe any government issue. Hoover was wrong on this point.

The employment of " those still at work " has not been pulled down by the C. C. C. and the P. W. A., as witness the steady progress of reëmployment through the summer and autumn. Hoover was wrong again.

There *has* been undue " pulling and hauling of politics for projects and measures " under the NRA codes and the Public Works appropriations. Hoover was 100 per cent right on this point.

We *have* created a huge bureaucracy but we believe we can dislodge it when the emergency is past. Hoover was 50 per cent right here, but it must be remembered that the bulk of the work of this emergency administration is handled by local unpaid volunteers.

Not one third but two thirds of the electorate have been provided with jobs subject to government control through the codes. However, the Republicans for years claimed the political allegiance of all wage earners by virtue of the Republican tariff. Turn about is fair play.

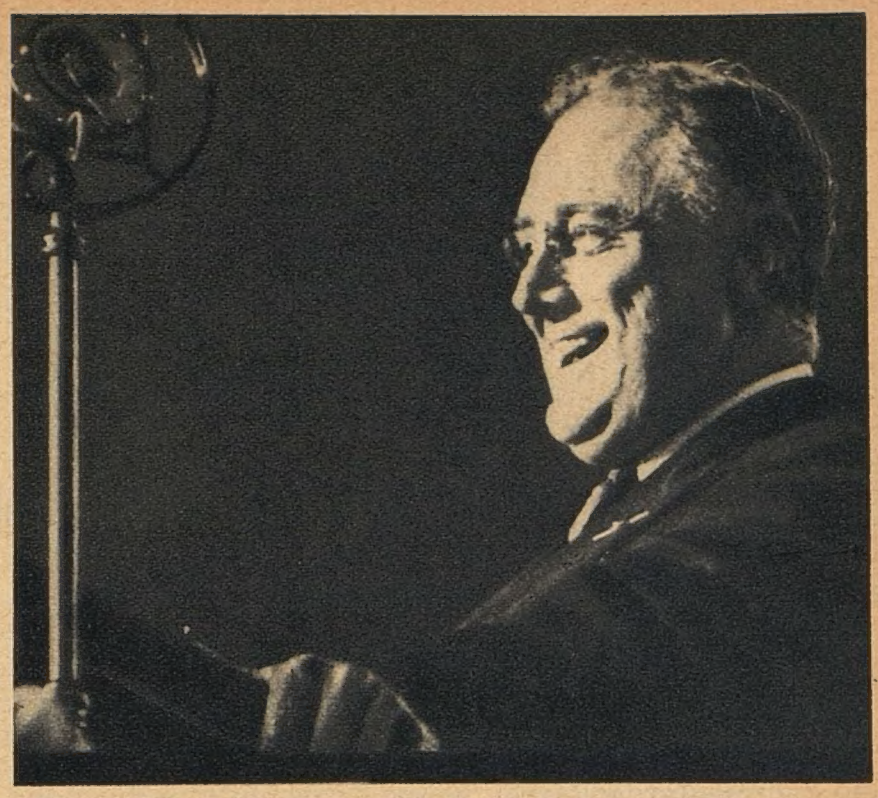
7. Hoover's Attack. " Governor Roosevelt said: 'After March 4, 1929, the Republican Party was in complete control of all branches of the government . . . and . . . the Supreme Court as well.' "

Hoover's Prophecy. " Is the Democratic candidate proposing his conception of the relation of the Executive and the Supreme Court? If that is his idea, he is proposing the most revolutionary new deal . . . yet proposed by any Presidential candidate."

Roosevelt's Record. President Roosevelt has not tampered with the Supreme Court. As vacancies occur he will undoubtedly appoint liberals, but it is common knowledge that the Supreme Court is loath to contest the constitutionality of the New Deal. The beer bill, the anti-gold-hoarding order, the NRA, and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration have been side-stepped, while lower courts have pleaded an emergency to justify actions which would be illegal in normal times.

However, tampering with the Supreme Court by the political party in power would be no " stupendous breaking of precedent." During the Civil War, Lincoln increased the number of Supreme Court Justices so as to insure a majority favorable to the revolutionary Republican policies. If the Supreme Court balked the New Deal, Roosevelt *could*, by an act of Congress, increase the Supreme Court again to insure decisions in favor of the New Deal. That is one of the reasons the Supreme Court is saying nuffin' and laying low, like Br'er Fox.

8. Hoover's Attack. " Early in October he [Roosevelt] said: ' Our industrial plant is built. The problem



just now is whether, under existing conditions, it is not overbuilt. Our last frontier has been reached. . . . Our task now is not the discovery of natural resources or necessarily the production of more goods; it is the sober, less dramatic business of administering the resources and plants already in hand.' "

Hoover's Prophecy. " I do challenge the whole idea that we have ended the advance of America, that this country has reached the zenith of its power, the height of its development. That is the counsel of despair for the future of America. That is not the spirit by which we shall emerge from this depression. That is not the spirit that made this country."

Roosevelt's Record. His record is the answer to this last rhetorical bit of wind-flogging. Look around you today and think back only as far as March 4.

THE truth is that both men loved America—Hoover the America that no longer existed; Roosevelt the America that was yet to be. Hoover was fighting for the sort of country in which an orphaned Quaker boy would be given a chance to rise by his own efforts; Roosevelt for the sort of country where the chance would exist as a matter of law and of fact rather than luck. Hoover was fighting for the sort of business system in which a young mining engineer could make a million; Roosevelt for the sort of business system where such a road to fortune must be by unique ability and substantial contribution to public welfare. Hoover was fighting for the past and Roosevelt for the future. Both were honest and both were right. But the decision was granted to the man of the future.

On the day when Herbert Hoover ended his four years of office every bank was closed or insolvent; we had nearly 15,000,000 unemployed; we were within hailing distance of chaos, revolution, or both.

Then came action: the brief inaugural, the closing of the banks, the special session of Congress, the famous ninety-nine days, which gave effect to a peaceful revolution—national economy, bank reform, the Civilian Conservation Corps, the Farm Relief Bill, inflation, the Muscle Shoals Act, the National Recovery Act, public works. We began to build up our weakened and neglected navy; farm relief began to take hold; mortgage relief saved the nation's homes from foreclosure; the Blue Eagle drive began; employment began to pick up. The beer bill was passed and the states began their triumphant repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Revenues increased, and the country, under a President who smiled, kept cool and kept his temper, began to forge ahead.

Grass did not grow in our streets and moss was stripped off our backs. Under Hoover we were stagnant and despairing. Roosevelt gave us action and hope. Hoover's speech was a good speech; but Roosevelt was to show us that action is greater than all the words in the dictionary.

THE END

Fate and a Girl's Fast Thinking Come to Grips in a Tense Drama of the Air—The Love Story of a

Hired

By HELEN AUGUR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD DENISON

(Reading time: 26 minutes 41 seconds.)

THE conference at the Department of State had kept Stephen Hyde so long that he barely caught the Saturday-afternoon plane to New York. He nodded to Representative Baxter, bowed to the pretty wife of one of the secretaries of the Paris Embassy, skillfully ignoring her gesture toward the seat beside her. For reasons of his own he took the last double seat in the rear, and put his hat, provisionally, in the empty space.

Stephen Hyde, late *chargé d'affaires* to the South American republic of Andia, was hopefully waiting for the airplane hostess to come and talk to him.

Meanwhile he greeted the salesman opposite, who was holding his elegant sample case on his knees. "Hello, Timmy. Sold a fountain pen to the President yet?"

"I'm wearing him down," said Timothy Malone. He leaned across the aisle, his irresponsible Irish nose near Stephen's ear. "Anyways, Senator Dudley ordered a hundred gold pens," he said.

"Banquet?" Stephen inquired. He liked Timmy.

"The same. And I'm thinking there'll be a riot when the senator's friends in the great Congressional industry get their favors. Could you guess the design he's ordered to be etched in the twelve-carat gold? Could you now?"

"Pork barrels," said Stephen quickly.

Timmy's flax-blue eyes blinked. "The State Department knows what the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee is going to think before it pops into his own head at all."

"That's easy," said Stephen. "Senator Dudley is bent on reforming the Upper House, and he caught the habit of practical joking from the cowboys on his Wyoming ranch. He's a good egg, at that."

Stephen chatted easily—about things that didn't matter. In his brain was a palisaded space in which he kept the things he was not going to tell. He was the third generation in the service, born in the embassy in Brazil, brought up in South America. Washington knew him as a mine of information, a master of fine shades in diplomacy, an interpreter who could carry endless paragraphs and put them into precise English; as a man who knew everything, and could safely be told anything.

The contradictions in Stephen's nature, being interior matters like hot pride and hot impulses, he managed for the most part to conceal. Resisting them was another matter. Now, for instance, he was flying to New York instead of taking the train, which he could better afford, and wasn't trying at all to keep his eyes off the airplane hostess, though the circles in which a ranking second secretary and future ambassador moved did not include hired hostesses.

But Miss Browne was different.

"Decidedly Miss Browne is different," Stephen told himself, as he watched her dealing out the metal mugs of tea or coffee to the passengers in front. Stephen, for the two weeks that Miss Browne had been on the plane, had taken a rear seat. When she finished with the others, she would come and talk to him, and they would go on with their game of Stephen trying to find out who she really was, and Miss Browne successfully checkmating him.

She was like water for coolness, clearness; like old ivory for smoothness. "She's made of the best materials," Stephen's sensitive eyes told him, "and beautifully made."

She came to him finally.

"Good afternoon, Miss Browne. Are you still calling yourself Miss Browne? Even with an *e*, that can't be your name, you know."

"I can't help my name," she said. "And I can't help this tea being a blend of burned bay leaves and prussic acid. Still, I suppose you'll have some, as usual."

"On the usual terms, please."

The terms were that she was to sit beside him, looking sympathetic while he drank his tea. But Miss Browne, as she sat down, only pretended to look sympathetic, which was fair enough, as Stephen only pretended to drink his tea. He was staring at her feet.

"Most superior feet," he remarked.

She looked at him reproachfully.

"All right, then," said Stephen. "I won't talk about your personal characteristics. I believe we went into that last time. I'll talk about your shoes. Lizard, bench-made, and, surely, made to measure. I travel among shoes like that, even if I have to buy my own off the shelf."

"You'll live it down," she said. "After all, it's better to look like a special order yourself than wear special-order shoes."

STEPHEN smiled. "I'm something very special," he informed her. "My father was deepest Maine, and my mother was half Spanish, and the other half"—he paused importantly—"an Inca of Peru."

"Ah," said Miss Browne, "that explains a great deal."

"It explains my hawk eyes. I see through people at a glance; you, for instance." His eyes traveled up her tailored blue suit, her blouse, her béret (as stipulated by the line). "Your uniform can't conceal the fact that you have poured tea in your own drawing-room for people with monocles and Vandyke beards. You don't belong on a plane, giving mugs of tea to drummers." He glanced across the aisle, but Timmy couldn't have heard him. "In short, my hawk eyes tell me that this is not at all your usual background."

"A lot of us can't afford our usual backgrounds any more," she said so simply that for a moment Stephen believed that the depression really explained Miss Browne as an airplane hostess.

Then he shook his head at her. "You look as clear as a mountain brook, but I prefer to think you're a pool of mystery. I give you fair warning that I'm going to keep an eye on you."

He had an odd sense that he had startled her. For a moment she was off guard, and Stephen, with his diplomat's instinct, seized his advantage. "If you want to prove to me that you're really an airplane hostess," he said, "you must act like one. When I ask you, as I now do, to go dancing with me tonight, you must say, 'I'd adore to.'"

"I'd really adore dancing with you," she smiled, "especially because I have a feeling that you dance extremely well."

Hostess

"How you dance, niña, how you dance!" he sighed.

"That's a bit too gracious for a real hostess, but you pass," Stephen laughed. "I wish I could say dinner, but I'm dining with my aunt—God's truth—and then seeing a man at the Ritz—"

"Let's say the Ritz lounge at eleven," she said quickly, and then hurried forward to a lady in difficulties. The plane had been wallowing a bit.

Stephen looked out of the window and concentrated on what he was not going to say to George Handy, president of the Titan Oil Company of Delaware, whom he was to meet at the Ritz. Titan Oil was heavily interested in Andia, and whatever information Stephen could legitimately give Handy, he would part with gladly. But he didn't want the color or the scent of that secret about Cerro to reach Titan Oil.

There had already been too many leaks of useful information—the Chile nitrate business, the Brazil lumber affair. Well, Titan Oil wouldn't find out about Cerro. Stephen had come up from Andia a month before with the Cerro draft treaty sewed in his undershirt, and seen that explosive paper locked in the chief's private safe.

Stephen had been *chargé* in Andia for a year, and was almost due back in Washington, when he had been secretly invited to visit Cerro, the tiny Inca state just south of Andia. Cerro was a natural fortress, accessible only by a perpetually guarded mountain pass.

When Titan Oil had established itself in Andia it tried to find out about Cerro, which looked like oil country. But no prospector could get in by ruse or bribe or threat. Cerro's one pride was her independence, as old as the Incas themselves. Stephen, in fact, was one of the only gringos that ever got through that mountain pass, and he was admitted only because his grandfather was an Inca. Cerro welcomed him with a three-day fiesta. In the dead of the third night he was left alone with the six chief

men of Cerro, and told a secret that would have set South America and Mr. George Handy of Titan Oil by the ears.

Cerro had decided to merge with the republic of Andia.

There was plenty of oil in Cerro. Oil could save the Incas from extinction if they could get fair terms for its exploitation. Titan Oil had dealt fairly enough with Andia, but how would it deal with a handful of Indians? Plainly Cerro for its own protection must merge with Andia. But here was the rub, and here Stephen came in. If Andia knew that Cerro was on the point of capitulation, she would take Titan Oil by the hand and wipe out the Inca state. But if the United States chaperoned negotiations, Cerro would be assured its oil royalties and certain other rights it wanted to preserve.

Stephen finally agreed to ask his government to help. But two men in Washington would have to see the draft treaty, and for seven weeks the whole affair must be kept tight.

"Good," said The Inca, as they still rather pathetically called their chief man. "Two men of honor in Washington, and we seven Incas here"—with a wave of his hand he included Stephen—"that is not too many to know this secret."

THE Doña Constantia Inez Melazon de la Corte, Stephen's one relative in America, lived in the Eighties with five South American servants and two parrakeets. Austere as a queen in her living habits, quiet as a nun in her devotions, Doña Constantia was possessed of a racy tongue and the humor of her Indian father. She wrote the best letters since Mme. Calderón de la Barca, so Stephen told her. He was devoted to his aunt.

He found Doña Constantia in her upstairs sitting room going over the Christmas charity list with her favorite priest. Stephen kissed her hand as usual, then cried, "I'm so glad to see you, darling!" and hugged her vehemently.

Two pink spots came into her olive cheeks. She presented him to Padre Morones. "My infidel nephew, Don Stefan Hyde. He's going to write you a check for the parish children's Christmas, to make up for his sins."

Stephen examined his check book. "It'll have to be a small one, I'm afraid. But I've been too busy to sin much this year."

"Your birthday comes next week," Doña Constantia reminded him. "Your thirtieth birthday, and you're not even a minister yet."

"You're the only woman in the world that thinks that is a scandal," said Stephen. "You're the only woman clever enough to know it's a scandal, except perhaps—but I'm not sure about her yet."

"Bring her to dinner, and I'll tell you whether she's clever enough," Doña Constantia suggested.

"I'm afraid—" Stephen began, then took out his fountain pen, one he had bought from Timmy, and wrote a larger check than he had intended. His aunt remembered birthdays lavishly. "Well, why not?" he argued with himself, as he waved the check to dry. "Why not bring Miss Browne, with an *e*, to Doña Constantia?" With his mind's eye he put the airplane hostess beside his aunt, and Miss Browne stood up like a princess beside a queen.

At nine Stephen met George Handy in the Ritz lounge and talked to him for two hours about Andia. It was not until the next day that Handy realized that the young man who had talked so easily, so confidentially, had told him not one thing that hadn't been in the newspapers. One thing he did realize at the time, when Stephen said a hasty good night to him and crossed the lounge to a lovely smooth girl in trailing black, and that was that young Hyde had a devilish keen eye for style.

In the Ritz Oval Room, Stephen ordered supper, but every minute there was music he and Miss Browne were on the dancing floor.

"How you dance, *niña*, how you dance!" he sighed against her cheek. She was the perfect height for him.

"If you must call me something," she said, "my name is Monica."

"Monica *niña*, now what? A speakeasy?"

"But I don't drink," she said.

He was left alone with the six chief men, and told a secret that would have set South America by the ears.

"Neither do I. Not since I left South America, at any rate. And never when there are more dangerous excitements—" His hand tightened on hers. "We'll begin mildly by taking a taxi. I've thought of a better place to go."

UP through the park, on their way to Harlem, Stephen stayed tense in his own corner.

The place in Harlem had a Barbados orchestra. Music that was not so much music as tropical perfume, dancing that was not so much movement as a series of delicious suspensions—

"This must be one of your more dangerous excitements," Monica said, and for a moment her eyes lifted to his.

"Mortal peril," he said. "Blame it all on the music if you will, but the music is you. *Te quiero mucho, mucho.*"

"Is that something you daren't say in English?" she asked, and her low voice vibrated in Stephen's veins.

He drew back his head and looked at her. "I think you understand Spanish, Monica. If I put it into English, it would still be true, but not so profound. It means 'I desire you,' but under that is much more."

"Dear me," said Monica quietly, "you begin to sound like a man who's picked up the airplane hostess for a Saturday night."

Even that couldn't spoil it.

"I'm not flirting with you," he said slowly. "I was, perhaps, on the plane. Not now. Monica, I'd like to

know you, and I can't be casual about it. I'm going back to the field in a few weeks—Buenos Aires this time. I'd like to—" He had been on the point of saying, "I'd like to marry you and take you back with me." What he said was, "I'd like to take you to dinner with my aunt tomorrow."

"I'm sorry," Monica said. "I'm on duty tomorrow."

They paused, as the orchestra diminished to silence. "May I telephone you in Washington, then?" Stephen asked in a constricted voice.

"I hope you won't think I'm being graceless," she said, contrite. "I've had an enchanting time tonight, but really, Mr. Hyde, I think we'll just let it go at that."

"You mean you don't care to see me again?"

"I mean—well, for a lot of reasons, I think I'd better not."

HE made one more attempt. "Monica, if it's any idiotic idea that your job's in the way—"

"It's just that," she said hastily. "My job *is* in the way." She looked at her watch.

"It's two o'clock, and I must be up at the crack of dawn."

Stephen put her in a taxi. He had guessed that she would insist on going home alone. He bent over her hand.

"Till the three-forty-five plane next Saturday, Monica."

By Friday everything was set. Cerro was to present her draft treaty to Andia the first of the next week.

On Friday afternoon Stephen was called to the office of his division chief. Hollister looked worried.

"More leaks, sir?" Stephen asked.

"Leaks? The whole dam's out, Hyde. Titan Oil has bought an undersoil concession for the whole southern part of Andia."

"That's ridiculous!" Stephen exclaimed. "The southern part of Andia is solid sierras."

"This concession," Hollister said slowly, "has an odd clause that says it is to cover the southern part of Andia to the boundary, *wherever said boundary may be fixed.*"

"Oh, good Lord!" said Stephen. "You mean Cerro?"

"I mean Cerro, and so does Titan Oil. The cable from our minister says Titan's paying good money for it, too. If that doesn't mean Titan Oil knows Cerro is coming into Andia, I'll eat the State Department without salt."

"THEY'VE found out," said Stephen, and stared helplessly at his chief. "What an unholy stew!"

"It is," said Hollister. "Here's Senator Dudley with his committee sitting on Latin-American scandals. He's sore as a wildcat about the Chile nitrate leak. Now this comes along, neat and pretty. The story of the Titan concession is already in the Andian papers. And then, the first of the week, Cerro offers to come into Andia. It'll be worth twelve columns a day in our papers—' the State Department knows a secret about Andia that Andia herself doesn't even guess; the Department tips off its pet oil company to go in and get a bargain; the Department is rotten to the core.' Q. E. D."

"Look here, Hollister. It's a sheer physical impossibility for Titan Oil to have got hold of that information. Six men in South America know about that treaty, and three in North America—the Secretary, you, and me."

"Let's begin with the six men in Cerro," Hollister suggested.

"That's out. Incas prefer torture to talk. Cerro had every reason to keep this quiet. Even if it hadn't, we made a solemn pact. You could take off their skins in bits and they wouldn't betray that pact."

"That leaves us three, then," said Hollister.

"You mean it leaves me," Stephen said. "Well, all I can say is that since I've known about that treaty I haven't drunk a drop, and I've locked my door at night in case I should talk in my sleep. And I certainly was on my guard when I talked to Handy—I told you, didn't I, that I saw him last week in New York—"

Hollister suddenly looked very tired. "You didn't tell me, Hyde, no. But we happen to have heard about it."

Monica Browne. There was a ringing in Stephen's ears. Monica had seen him with Handy in the Ritz lounge. She had been watching him for Hollister. If his chief felt like that about him, nothing was any good now.

"I'm putting my resignation in your hands, sir," Stephen said.

Hollister's mouth was working. "I knew your father," he said. "He was the best ambassador we had since your grandfather. Three generations in the service—"

They were falling in horrible silence through the void. Monica turned to find a woman passenger in a dead faint.

"And back to shirt sleeves," said Stephen with a ghastly flippancy. "Leave that out, please. Just think of the soothing effect it would have on Dudley's committee if the person who can most easily be assumed to have spilled the beans has already resigned."

"Nonsense, Stephen," Hollister said quickly. But there was an appalling relief in his voice. So Stephen argued with him against every interest of his own.

"I'm going to be frank," Hollister said finally. "It looks bad. Since you've come back, every valuable secret in this division has been delivered to interested parties. I would put my hand in the fire that it isn't you. But my hands are tied. If I put up a fight for you, if I resigned along with you, which I personally should want to do, it would only cause a howling scandal, and cripple the whole administration. And we're supposed to be a reform outfit."

"Better wipe a little blot like me off the escutcheon than smear up the works."

Hollister swore. "I wish this were something decent, like a war. We're fighting in the dark, and there's no time. If we can't find that leak by Tuesday, Senator Dudley will start the Cerro scandal."

Stephen got to his feet. "All right, chief," he said briskly. "I'm going to write my resignation now. If you need to use it Tuesday morning, you're welcome. And you'll always be O.K. with me."

Hollister unexpectedly wrung his hand. "Isn't it hell?" he demanded.

IT *was* hell. Stephen wrote his resignation. Did Hollister really believe that his right-hand man, who'd handled all the papers involved in the leaks, was guiltless? He couldn't. He'd had Stephen shadowed, and by a girl too young to know her job.

Why did it have to be Monica Browne? All week he'd been thinking, "I'll see her Saturday, and I'll make her come to my birthday dinner at Doña Constantia's. This time I'll make her listen to me—" And now the world had crashed around his head.

Stephen turned to the junior at the next desk. "Look, Dick," he said, wondering what his voice sounded like. "Is this administration so all-fired feministic that there are women in the State Department too?"

"It's not generally known," Dick said darkly.

"All right, Dick," Stephen said impatiently. "I know I've tried to teach you the A B C of discretion. But if you know anything, for goodness' sake, spit it out. Wasn't there a female commissioner sent on that job to Belgium? And was she a young girl, smooth—"

"She was smooth all right," Dick grinned. "She handled that mission slicker than beets. I think she's good family. And my guess is that she's got something to do with this division now. The other night I saw her talking to Hollister in a funny little tea room."

"Keep it to yourself," Stephen growled, putting Dick in his place as a junior again.

Stephen returned to his private hell. Monica had handled that confidential mission to Belgium dexterously, but she had bungled this case and finished his career. She'd jumped at the wrong conclusion from the right premises.

HE couldn't see Monica again. He wired Doña Constantia that he couldn't catch the plane, and would try to come by the midnight train Saturday. This business was going to kill Doña Constantia. She was bound up in his career, and by Tuesday morning, unless somebody could find the blabbing spy—and instantly into his mind came the two pictures that had been obsessing him lately.

The first picture was dim. He was sitting at a desk with papers before him and a pepper tree outside the window. The legation in Andia, then. He was reading a document, and had the sense of bracing himself against danger. Then the picture grew cloudy, cleared, and he was sitting at a desk again. Only now there was the sizzle of a radiator behind him, so it must be the Department of State this time. Again he had the sense of bracing himself against danger. Then the picture faded out. Danger tied the two pictures together. Down in his mind, where all was dark, and instinct told him it was the same danger. But he could get no details, nothing but that feeling of fear, stronger in the second picture than in the first.

All that tortured, tossing night he tried to blot out the two disturbing pictures, and the feeling of Monica dancing in his arms to perfumed music, by seeing himself as he would be a month from now, unshaven, with sandals on his bare feet, wearing the cotton clothes of an Indian. Yes, he was going to Cerro. Beyond that—he just didn't know anything beyond that.

Stephen caught the three-forty-five plane the next day. When he took a taxi, very late, and swore deliriously at the driver to hurry, he told himself it was all because he could not bear to disappoint Doña Constantia. But he knew that the man who has eaten folly like a drug must have more.

When he saw Monica coming out of the airport station with her vacuum bottles, all he could think of was her white-birch beauty. He went up to her, and without a word took her bottles and walked with her to the plane.

"Wait," he said. *(Continued on page fourteen)*

Your RED CROSS *needs you*

FIVE MILLION FAMILIES of the unemployed have welcomed the ministrations of the American Red Cross in the past year. . . . Bread from 85,000,000 bushels of government wheat, and ninety million garments from 844,000 bales of government cotton, were carried into their homes by Red Cross Chapter volunteers. More than seven hundred Red Cross nurses have aided them and their families in time of illness.

Another half million families, their resources swept away in fires, tornadoes, floods, earthquake, have had a helping hand from the Red Cross to restore their homes, after it had given them food, clothing and temporary shelter and assuaged the misery of the initial shock of the catastrophe. There were 117 of these disasters in the United States and our insular possessions during the past year. This tremendous relief work, unparalleled in the history of private charity, was made possible through two facts: First, the American Red Cross with its 3,700 chapters and ten thousand branches of chapters, covers the entire nation like a blanket and can be mobilized within twenty-four hours; second, for fifty-two years men and women of the nation have supported the Red Cross — not only with money but with their volunteer labor.

Direct relief has been assumed by the Federal Government, because resources beyond the ability of private charity became necessary as the fourth winter of the depression approached.

This federal relief is only for the unemployed. It does not cover the services which the Red Cross has traditionally given in times other than the present one of abnormal distress, due to economic causes.

The traditional services to humanity which the Red Cross is chartered under Congress to carry on are:

The Red Cross is responsible for relief in disasters.

The Red Cross is responsible for service to veterans of our wars.

The Red Cross is the major agency for rural public health work.

The Red Cross is responsible for life saving work through its First Aid and Life Saving instruction.

The Red Cross is responsible for maintaining a reserve Nurse Corps for the nation, in war and peacetime.

Every citizen can lend aid and support by joining as a member of the local Red Cross Chapter during the Annual Roll Call, November 11 to 30, 1933.

President Roosevelt Said:

"I can be counted on to foster and aid in every way in my power the great work the Red Cross must carry on."

Join Your Local Red Cross Chapter

(Continued from page twelve)

" Don't go aboard just yet."

He led her to a quiet spot behind the plane. " This is my last trip," he said, " and I wanted to tell you—" He looked at her, standing quiet beside him, and all he could read on her face was a profound pity.

" Don't be sorry for me," he said, and an immense calm fell on him, because now he knew what was beyond his going to Cerro. " Dearest," he said, " I'm going down to the Guatemayo Valley. It's a good place to go if you're not coming back. I shall spend all my time, till everything's over, thinking what it would have been to kiss you."

He turned from her white face and boarded the plane and took a single seat in front of Timmy. A deep sacrificial strain in his blood made him almost glad that he was losing the world for Monica. But he must not look at her again, or his calm would shiver into bits. When he heard her come aboard, he fished desperately in his pockets for something to read, and found the registered letter from Doña Constantia's broker that had come just as he was rushing out of the office. He slit the envelope.

There were a thousand shares of Titan Oil stock, made out to bearer.

Stephen laughed aloud. The halter for his neck, a perfect fit. The next moment he was terrified in an unreasoning, prescient fashion. The plane was mounting now, rushing up into a gray void. Much better throw the shares out of the window than be caught dead or alive with them. And then he remembered Doña Constantia's voice as she had telephoned that morning to wish him a happy birthday.

She said that her broker had helped her choose Stephen's present, picking stocks that were sure to double in a few weeks. She hoped his gift would grow like his career, and her pride in him—

Stephen put the broker's envelope back in his pocket.

Monica had been passing back and forth, talking little except to people that noticed that the weather was constantly thicker, and were nervous. She had not even glanced at Stephen, but he knew that in every line of her body she was conscious of him. He dared not look at her, and yet Monica's presence filled the tiny universe of the plane.

Stephen realized, a second before any one else, that one of the motors had stopped. The plane lurched and wabbled in its trough six thousand feet above the earth. Then the other motor stopped.

The silence was agony. It was broken by the intaken breath of sixteen people, by the whish of Monica's skirts as she went forward through the smoking compartment and opened the door to the cockpit and talked to the pilots.

She came back to the main cabin, and everybody was intent on her white face. But her voice was steady.

" There's nothing to be alarmed about," she said. " Our cruising range will bring us down to the emergency landing field at Edgewood Arsenal. The passengers will please keep their seats. This is only a forced landing, and there's no danger of fire."

BUT they were falling in horrible silence through the void. Monica turned to find a woman passenger in a dead faint. She took the brandy flask dumbly held out by one of the men, and pried the woman's white lips open.

Stephen's ears, clairaudient, caught a sound from Timmy behind him, words gasped in the terror when a man goes back to his first language.

" *Dios me salve!* "

Without thinking, without knowing what he was doing, Stephen flashed to his feet and cried, " Timoteo Malone y Sanchez! "

Timmy's face, going from white to gray, Timmy's eyes fixed, Timmy, retching, staggering to the toilet.

Stephen, holding to his seat as the plane fell, saw the two pictures that had obsessed him. Only now they were clear, as if illumined by a flash of lightning. He was sitting in the legation, reading a report from the embassy in Brazil.

The report, on a variety of matters, warned him against one Timoteo Malone y Sanchez, an Irish-Colombian, suspected of being a spy for American commercial interests. He had left Brazil, and might turn up anywhere.

The other picture: Stephen was sitting in the State Department, translating the Cerro draft treaty for the Secretary of State. Timmy had come in, brandishing a huge fountain pen. " This holds a gill of ink," Timmy had said. " You should have it for your heathen countries, Mr. Hyde."

Stephen had half risen from his desk and said, " Go away, Timmy. I'm busy." Timmy had waved his pen, as if in farewell, and gone away.

" I know now, I know," Stephen whispered, and there was such peace in his heart that he couldn't feel alarm, even when Monica quietly herded the passengers in the back of the plane to avoid a head dive. And when Monica pressed against him in the herd of passengers and slipped her hand into his, even then, all he could say was, " I know it all now."

And then, with a shock, the plane hit the ground, swayed, taxied drunkenly over rough earth, and stopped, shuddering.

THE plane could not go on to New York, and the pilots had sent the passengers to Baltimore in commandeered motors. Monica had telephoned for an ambulance. They had found Timmy in the toilet like a sack of meat, his eyes glassy. The doctor said it was a stroke.

In the confusion nobody noticed Stephen taking Timmy's sample case from the rear seat.

Monica saw the ambulance off, and came over to Stephen, sitting on the frosty grass, surrounded by fountain pens.

" It's not here," Stephen said incredulously.

" Perhaps you mean this? " Monica asked, and pulled Timmy's giant pen from her pocket.

He tore it out of her hands, and examined the bulbous cap. " Just as I thought. It's a camera."

" Just as I thought too," Monica said. " So I helped the doctor examine Timmy. And I found this hung around his neck on a thin chain."

" Monica! " Stephen looked up at her, too exhausted to have any emotions. " You knew he photographed that Cerro treaty? "

" I thought so. I imagine he hung around the State Department photographing any papers in sight, just on the chance. It looked as if he were behind the Chile nitrate leak. So I began following him—on the plane, and around New York week-ends. He saw Handy last Sunday. But I haven't told Mr. Hollister yet. I wasn't ready."

Stephen bent his head. " Then you weren't shadowing me."

" Never," she said gently, not moving.

" Give me time," he said. " I can't get all this. Everything was finished for me, and Doña Constantia—" He clapped his hand to his pocket. He got up and shook himself, feverishly exploring pockets. " I've lost my Titan Oil! " he shouted.

" Oh, no," said Monica, with a real smile this time. " I've got that too." She gave him the broker's envelope.

Stephen simply stared at her.

" I'm sorry," Monica said. " But I couldn't help looking over your shoulder to see what made you laugh in that demented way. I'd been—worried about you. And when the plane started falling, I decided that if we were both killed, Titan Oil wouldn't look well in your pocket."

Stephen stood over her, his face glowing. " Monica Browne, did it occur to you that it wouldn't look so handsome in your own pocket? "

Monica was suddenly helpless and young. " I never thought of that," she said.

" You were just thinking of me."

She nodded, her eyelids trembling, her lips curved and red. " It's too bad," she mocked him unsteadily. " Now you can't spend the rest of your life just thinking what it would have been to kiss me."

He swept her into his arms. " You know darn' well how I'm going to spend the rest of my life," he said.

THE END

SAM WOOD DIRECTING JEAN HARLOW AND CLARK GABLE IN "HOLD YOUR MAN"

Do you smoke your way through tense scenes?

When your nerves are ready to snap, do you smoke *yourself calm?* We went to Hollywood to see what the picture people do about it. Found many smokers singing the praises of Spud. "It's that cool taste," said a famous director. "Lets you smoke for all you're worth, without paying the penalty."

Strip of actual sound film of new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "Hold Your Man," co-starring Jean Harlow and Clark Gable.

HOW SPUD'S FAN MAIL HAS CHANGED! Enthusiastic letters keep pouring in. But the average fan no longer writes, "Spud is my favorite change-off cigarette." Today the story is, "Spud is my *regular* smoke." Mouth-happiness grows on you. Full-bodied tobacco flavor plus cool, refreshing taste . . . once you're used to *that* combination, nothing else will do.

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The Real

How the U. S. Is Challenging the World in a New, Dramatic Race for Commercial Supremacy

Wide World photo
Lindy as he looked on his exploratory flights in Greenland.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 10 seconds.)

WORLD aviation leaders are preparing to lap the earth with scheduled air transport lines.

Behind the heralded survey flights of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh lie—

First: Two years of intensive American preparation for the establishment of transoceanic air lines over both the Atlantic and the *Pacific.*

Second: The dramatic struggle for dominant position in this impending new form of transportation—because "trade follows the airplane," and world trade has become so vital to nations which have manufacturing surpluses.

The competitors in this race are, on the one hand, Pan American Airways, the world's largest air-line operator, with a route mileage of 26,650 miles; and, on the other, the government-owned, government-subsidized, or "semiofficial" air transport units of Europe, some of which already are extending lines to the farthermost points of Africa and Asia.

Europe's air pioneering for the growing markets of the Orient is being done by expansion of overland air routes. America's transport planes must span the Pacific. Europe is reaching for the Orient as follows:

Imperial Airways, operating a 7,000-mile Empire Air Route to India, with plans for extensions into China.

French Air Orient, paralleling the British route through India to Indo-China, with projected extension to Chinese seaports and a Shanghai terminal.

Royal Dutch Air Lines, with 9,000-mile route to Batavia, and Chinese extension planned.

Germany, already intrenched with certain lines in China, plans extensions to link with the trans-Siberian route of the Soviet.

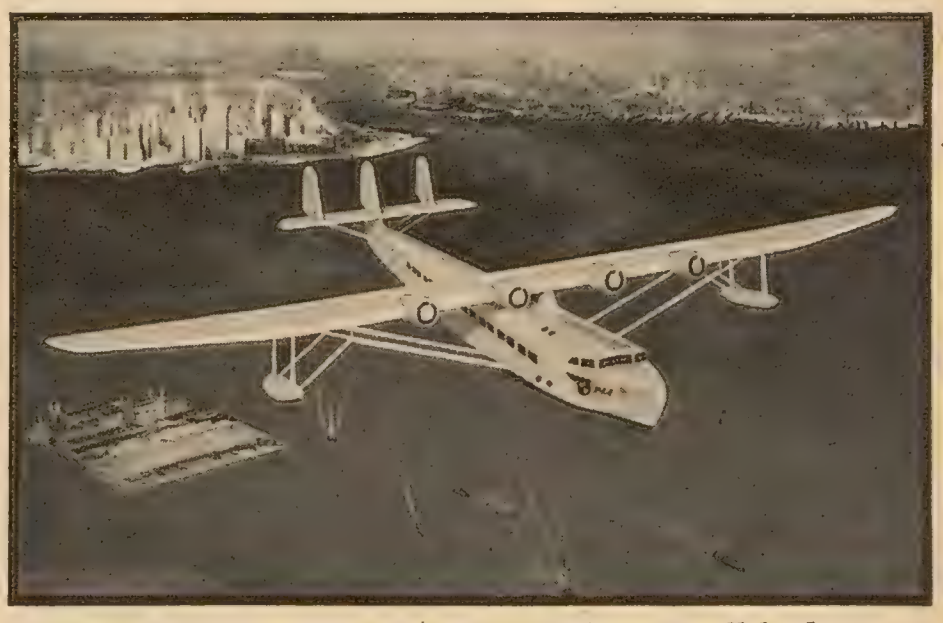
On the Atlantic the French have established an airplane line to South America; Germany has used an airship on a similar route. In the northern Pacific the race is between Pan American, British Imperial Airways, Royal Dutch Air Lines, France's Aëropostale and the German Lufthansa.

The American entry is a private corporation in which twenty million dollars has been invested, and which has had the support of air-mail contracts. National treasuries are more directly behind the European competitors.

The economic obstacles which must be overcome if Pan American is to make interhemisphere air lines a reality therefore are much greater than those which face European competitors. There were three laboratory stages to America's preparation for this:

First, *Science.* More than two years ago Pan American Airways drew up detailed specifications for a seaplane which could span the ocean as a scheduled commercial carrier. Requirements were rigid. This must be the first truly *seaworthy* plane, capable of alighting and arising in the open ocean. It must be faster than any seaplane transports in use. It must be capable of carrying fifty or more passengers, plus a pay load of mail and express.

It must cruise at speeds well above 125 miles an hour



How a P. A. A. Sikorsky Super Clipper will look.

against a thirty-mile head wind, and negotiate the longest water jumps—1,200 and 1,400 miles over the Atlantic, 2,400 over the Pacific—*by a safe margin.*

Unanimously American engine and plane builders declared no such seaplane could be built.

Step by step, over eighteen months, the technical committee of Pan American, headed by Colonel Lindbergh, proved that such a plane *could* be built. One by one, the engineers and research men of scores of industries were called in and challenged to solve problems.

Even then, after it had been agreed that such a plane could be built, there followed six months more of intensive engineering work—figuring stresses and strains, "lift" and power ratios; wind-tunnel tests with models.

Reason *for* Lindy's Latest Flight

By EARL REEVES

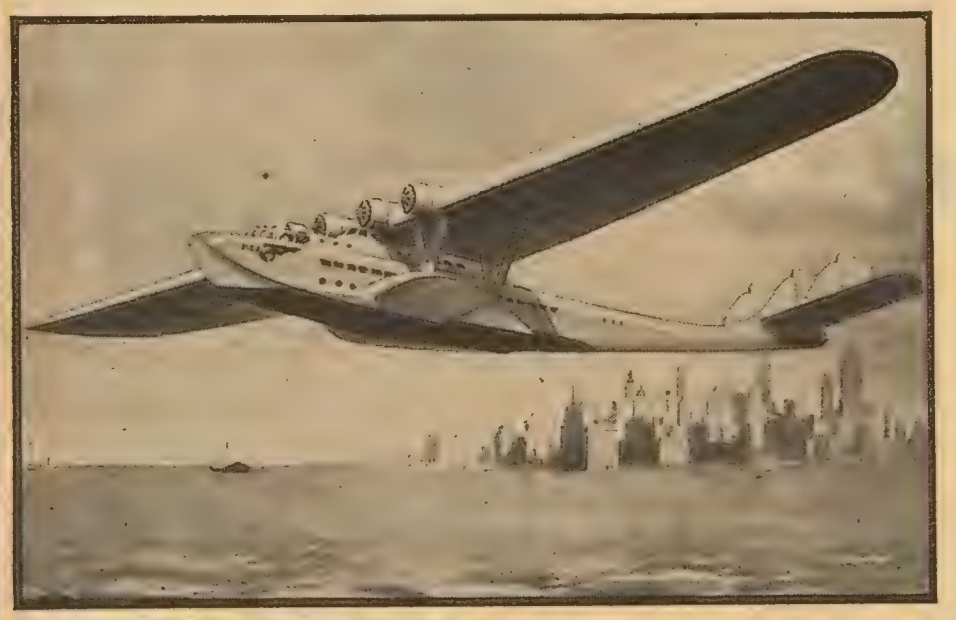
Author of Lindbergh Flies On, and
Aviation's Place in Tomorrow's Business

Finally contracts were let for the first real ocean air liners in history. Six in number, the total price was $1,750,000—nearly a fourfold increase in price over any commercial planes previously built in America.

Secrecy surrounds their construction at the Sikorsky and the Glenn L. Martin plants. It has been announced only that these ships are much larger, heavier, more powerful, and faster than the " Clipper Ship " type now used by Pan American in the Caribbean. The Clippers have a wing spread of 114 feet, length of 76 feet, height of about 20 feet when resting upon the water, and weigh 34,000 pounds, loaded. They can carry forty-four passengers and crew of five at 120-mile cruising speed.

The Super Clippers will be hurled through the air by more than 4,000 horse power. It is expected that a new type of radial air-cooled engine, with two tiers of cylinders, one behind the other, staggered—will deliver nearly 1,150 horse power. Such a motor offers a great gain in flying efficiency.

A German lesson has been read. The DO-X was aërodynamically unsound in construction. " Lift " in an airplane depends upon the flow of the air *over* the wing. Dornier mounted his engines above the wing. The whirling propellers therefore disturbed the flow of the air over the wing surface and his giant lost flying efficiency. American air transport lines would not buy it.



The Baltimore Clipper built by Glenn L. Martin Co.

The four motors of the transoceanic Clippers will be set in the leading edge of the wing itself. A new type of propeller developing 88-per-cent efficiency, as against 70 to 75 per cent for previous types, will be used.

These planes will be of all-metal construction, of a new alloy 30 per cent stronger than duralumin. Their cruising speed should be well over 150 miles an hour, and their maximum range well over 3,000 miles.

Second, *Exploration.* Colonel Lindbergh has been exploring the Labrador-Greenland-Iceland route, because on a southern route America's competitors would have certain exclusive advantages. For more than a year a scientific study of meteorological conditions in the arctic area has been in progress. Finally, European nations have been making similar studies along the southern route. By agreement, all such information is to be pooled.

Third, *Operations.* In a sense, the whole 26,650 miles of Pan American Airways route has been a laboratory of practical training. But the intensive experimental spots are two. The route, 1,250 miles long, between Miami, Florida, and Barranquilla, Colombia, is 90 per cent over water. The all-water flight between Kingston, Jamaica, and Barranquilla is 650 miles, the longest over-water hop regularly flown by any air line in the world. Weather, here, can be sudden and terrific. Hence pilots are all taught to fly blind. And they are guided by directional radio having a range of 600 to 1,200 miles.

Here also the present fourteen-ton seaplane of the Clipper type disproved the contention that seaplanes were " too expensive " in operation. The Clippers, amazingly, showed the lowest passenger-mile cost of any type of equipment in use on Pan American routes.

And so Pan American became convinced that it had learned how to fly the Atlantic, or the Pacific.

ANOTHER practical operations laboratory is Alaska. Pan American acquired all its air lines and has expanded these to a total of 3,000 miles. The " practice " for transoceanic operations now includes the regular operation of scheduled air routes actually within the arctic circle. Alaska, incidentally, probably will be the first " way station " on the route which will span the Pacific.

In preparation for interhemisphere air lines, Pan American has been negotiating agreements with Japan, China, Greenland, Denmark, and some other nations.

Truly remarkable terminal facilities also have been acquired in the Orient. Pan American has purchased a 45-per-cent minority interest in the national air transport system of China, the only partner being the Chinese government itself. Routes established, in preparation, and for which franchises for early operation have been granted, total approximately 4,000 miles. These routes will serve a territory having more than 150,000,000 population. When an American transpacific air line reaches Asia, a tremendous feeder system already will have been established, tapping our chief markets in the Orient.

At Miami, home port of this Western Hemisphere air system, a seaplane slip is planned that will accommodate four ships, each having 200-foot wing spread!

Ostensibly this looks to the far future. But Glenn L. Martin believes such ocean air liners can be built now. He believes giant seaplanes weighing, loaded, 100,000 pounds, soon will be flying established ocean trade routes on regular schedule.

THE END

TARZAN COMES

Here Begins the Best of All the Stories Written Around the Most Widely Known Character in Modern Fiction

Tarzan *and the* Lion

By

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

(Reading time: 24 minutes 5 seconds.)

HERE he is—Tarzan. His fame is world-wide. He appears in Liberty for the first time in the greatest of all his stories. Thrills, drama, comedy, romance—all the mystery and lure of the jungle that have made him as well known as Sherlock Holmes are packed into this extraordinary tale of amazing adventures.

In presenting this story Liberty has yielded to a persistent demand of popular appeal, and whether you have or haven't met Tarzan before, you will be surprised and gripped by the startling chain of circumstances that carry this novel to a dramatic conclusion.

PART ONE—IN CONFERENCE

MR. MILTON SMITH, Executive Vice President in Charge of Production, was in conference. A half dozen men lounged comfortably in deep soft chairs and divans about his large well appointed office in the B. O. studio. Mr. Smith had a chair behind a big desk, but he seldom occupied it.

"It's bound to be a knockout," he assured his listeners. "This will be the real thing."

A secretary entered the room and closed the door behind her. "Mr. Orman is here," she said.

"Good! Ask him to come in, please."

Again the door opened, and the secretary ushered in a stocky bronzed man. Smith shook hands with him.

"Glad to see you, Tom," he said. "Haven't seen you since you got back from Borneo. Great stuff you got down there. But I've got something bigger still on the fire for you. You know the wonderful clean-up that

TO LIBERTY!

Man

Illustrations by
RAY DEAN

The askaris and white men were crouching, gazing into the forest before them, their rifles ready. Two black soldiers lay on the ground.

Superlative Pictures made with their last jungle picture."

"How could I help it?"

"Well, there are jungle pictures and jungle pictures. We're going to make a real one. We're goin' to send a company right to the heart of Africa; right to the—ah—er—what's the name of that forest, Joe?"

"The Ituri Forest."

"Yes, right to the Ituri Forest with sound equipment and everything. Think of it, Tom! You get the real stuff—the natives, the jungle, the animals, the sounds."

"And you want me to direct the picture?"

"Yes—and it will make you famous."

"I don't know about that, but I'm game."

"We're just having a conference to discuss the whole matter," replied Smith. "We've asked Major White to sit in. I guess you men haven't met—Mr. Orman, Major White." And as the two men shook hands Smith continued: "The major's a famous big-game hunter, knows Africa like a book. He's to go as technical adviser."

"What do you think, major, about our being able to get sound trucks into the Ituri Forest?" asked Orman.

"What'll they weigh? I doubt that you can get anything across Africa that weighs over a ton and a half."

"Ouch!" exclaimed Clarence Noice, the sound director. "Our sound trucks weigh seven tons and we're planning on taking two of them."

"It just can't be done," said the major.

"And how about the generator truck?" demanded Noice. "It weighs nine tons!"

The major threw up his hands.

"Can you do it, Tom?" demanded Smith.

"Sure I'll do it—if you want to foot the bills."

"Good!" exclaimed Smith. "Now that's settled, let me tell you something about the story. Joe's written a great story—it's goin' to be a knockout. You see, this fellow's born in the jungle and brought up by a lioness. He pals around with the lions all his life—doesn't know any other friends. The lion is king of beasts; when the boy grows up he's king of the lions."

"Say, who you got to play this Lion Man that's goin' to pal around with the lions?" asked Orman.

"Best ever—a regular find."

"Who is he?"

"He's the world's champion Marathon runner, Stanley Obroski."

"Stanley Obroski? Never heard of him."

"Well, he's famous nevertheless. And wait till you see him! He's sure got It, and I don't mean maybe."

"Who else is in the cast?"

"The Madison's cast for lead opposite Obroski and—"

"M-m-m, Naomi's plenty hot at 34 north; she'll probably melt at the equator."

"And Gordon Z. Marcus goes along as her father."

"Think Marcus can stand it? He's getting along."

"Oh, he's r'arin' to go. Major White, here, is taking the part of a white hunter."

"But say, Milt, gettin' back to Naomi. She's great in cabaret scenes and flaming-youth pictures, but when it comes to steppin' out with lions and elephants—"

"We're sendin' Rhonda Terry along to double for her."

"Good! Rhonda'd go up and bite a lion on the wrist

Rhonda Terry stood with one foot on the running board, pistol in hand.

if a director told her to; and she does look a lot like the Madison, come to think of it. Who else am I takin'? Who's my chief cameraman?"

"Bill West."

"Fine!"

"What with your staff, the cast, and drivers, you'll have between thirty-five and forty whites. Besides the generator truck and the two sound trucks, you'll have twenty five-ton trucks and five passenger cars. We're picking technicians and mechanics who can drive trucks so as to cut down the size of the company."

"When do we leave?"

"In about ten days."

"It's a great life," sighed Orman. "Six months in Borneo, ten days in Hollywood, and then another six months in Africa!"

SHEIK Ab el-Ghrennem and his swarthy followers sat in silence on their ponies and watched the mad *Nasara* sweating and cursing as they urged on two hundred blacks in an effort to drag a nine-ton generator truck through the muddy bottom of a small stream.

Near by, Jerrold Baine leaned against the door of a muddy touring car in conversation with the two girls who occupied the back seat.

"How you feeling, Naomi?" he inquired.

"Rotten."

"Touch of fever again?"

"Nothing but, since we left Jinja. I wish I was back in Hollywood! But I won't ever see Hollywood again. I'm going to die here."

"Aw, shucks! You're just blue. You'll be all right. *You* seem to keep pretty fit, Rhonda." Baine turned to Naomi's double.

Rhonda Terry nodded. "I guess I'm just lucky."

"Besides that, Rhonda gets all the breaks," complained Naomi. "Yesterday they shoot the first scene in which I appear, and where was I? Flat on my back with an attack of fever, and Rhonda has to double for me—even in the close-ups."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Rhonda. "You'll get the credit."

"Credit!" exclaimed Naomi. "Why, my dear, it will ruin my reputation. You are a sweet girl and all that, Rhonda; but remember, I am Naomi Madison. My public expects superb acting. They will be disappointed, and they will blame me.

"How much longer we got to sit here?" she demanded peevishly of Baine.

"Until they get the generator truck and twenty-two other trucks through that mud hole."

"I don't see why we can't go on. I don't see why we have to sit here and fight flies and bugs."

"Orman's afraid to separate the safari," explained Baine. "This is a bad piece of country. He was warned against bringing the company here. The natives never have been completely subdued."

THEY were silent for a while, brushing away insects and watching the heavy truck being dragged slowly up the muddy bank.

Sheik Ab el-Ghrennem spoke to one at his side, a swarthy man with evil eyes. "Which of the *benat*, Atewy, is she who holds the secret of the valley of diamonds?"

"*Billah!*" exclaimed Atewy, spitting. "They are as alike as two pieces of *jella*. I cannot be sure which is which."

"But one of them hath the paper? You are sure?"

"Yes. The old *Nasrany*, who is the father of one of them, had it; but she took it from him. The young man leaning against that invention of *Sheytan*, talking to them now, plotted to take the life of the old man, that he might steal the paper; but the girl, his daughter, learned of the plot and took the paper herself. The old man and the young man both believe that the paper is lost."

"*Wellah!*" sighed the sheik. "It must be a great treasure indeed, greater than those of Howwara and Geryeh combined, or they would not have brought so many carriages to transport it."

"When shall I take the *bint* who hath the paper?" demanded Atewy after a moment's silence.

"Let us bide our time," replied the sheik. "There be no hurry, since they be leading us always nearer to the treasure and feeding us well into the bargain. The *Nasrany* are fools. They thought to fool the *Bedauwy* with their picture taking as they fooled *el-Engleys*. But we are brighter than they. We know the picture making is only a blind to hide the real purpose of their safari." . . .

Sweating, mud-covered, Mr. Thomas Orman stood near the line of blacks straining on the ropes attached to a heavy truck. In one hand he carried a long whip. At his elbow stood a bearer, but in lieu of a rifle he carried a bottle of Scotch.

By nature Orman was neither a harsh nor a cruel taskmaster. Ordinarily both his inclinations and his judgment would have warned him against using the lash.

"Lay into it, you lazy bums!" he yelled, and the long lash reached out and wrapped around the shoulders of a black.

A young man in khaki shirt and shorts turned away in disgust and walked toward the car where Baine was talking to the two girls.

Baine moved over to make room for him by the rear door of the car. "You look sore, Bill," he remarked.

West swore softly. "Orman's gone nuts. I saw Kwamudi looking at him a few minutes ago. There was hate in his eyes all right."

"Oh, well," said Baine, "you got to treat those niggers rough; and as for *(Continued on page twenty-two)*

RAIN STORMS will play tricks on you. And so will an old motor—unless it has Ethyl.

But stop beside the pump that bears the Ethyl emblem every time you need gas and then you *know* what your car will do.

It will run its best all the time!

You don't always want top speed—or flashing pick-up—or the extra power it takes to zoom over hills in high. But when you do, you *want 'em!* And when you're driving at moderate speed, Ethyl makes the difference between real pleasure and just going somewhere. It brings back the *fun* you used to get from your car.

Stop at an Ethyl pump and discover what millions of others know today: *The next best thing to a brand-new car is your present car with Ethyl.* With oil companies selling Ethyl at only 2c a gallon over the price of regular, you can't afford not to use it. The savings Ethyl makes in repairs and upkeep more than offset this new low premium. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

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Ethyl contains lead. © E. G. C. 1933

WITH ETHYL (TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.) BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION NEW YORK, U.S.A. — THE WORLD'S HIGHEST QUALITY MOTOR FUEL

NOW

SOLD BY OIL COMPANIES AT

only **2c** PER GALLON

over "regular"

NEXT TIME STOP AT THE ETHYL PUMP

(Continued from page twenty) Kwamudi, Tom can tie a can to him and appoint some one else headman."

"Don't fool yourself about Kwamudi. He's no ordinary headman; he's a big chief in his own country. We'd be in a pretty mess if those fellows quit on us."

"Well, what are we goin' to do about it? Tom ain't asking our advice that I've ever noticed."

"You could do something, Naomi," said West, turning to the girl.

"Who, me? What could I do?"

"Well, Tom likes you a lot. He'd listen to you."

"Oh, nerts! It's his own funeral. I got troubles of my own."

"It may be your funeral too," said West.

"Blah!" said the girl. "All I want to do is to get out of here."

At last the long motorcade was under way. In the leading cars was a portion of the armed guards, the askaris; and another detachment brought up the rear. Pat O'Grady, the assistant director, was in charge of the rear guard.

O'Grady carried no long whip. He whistled a great deal, always the same tune, and he joshed his charges unmercifully, wholly ignoring the fact that they understood nothing that he said. But they reacted to his manner and his smile, and slowly their tenseness relaxed.

"It would be better," remarked Major White, walking at O'Grady's side, "if you were in full charge of those men at all times. Mr. Orman is unsuited to handle them."

O'Grady shrugged. "Well, what about it?"

"He won't listen to me," said the major. "He resents every suggestion that I make."

"I think it's the fever and the worry." The assistant director was loyal to his chief.

"Whatever it is, we're in for a bad mess if there isn't a change," the Englishman prophesied.

"Perhaps you're—" O'Grady started to reply, but his words were interrupted by a sudden rattle of rifle fire coming, apparently, from the direction of the head of the column.

"My Lord! What now?" exclaimed White as, leaving O'Grady, he hurried toward the sound of the firing.

The ears of man are dull. Even on the open veldt they do not record the sound of a shot at any great distance. But the ears of hunting beasts are not as the ears of man; so hunting beasts at great distances paused when they heard the rifle fire that had startled O'Grady and White. Most of them slunk farther away from the dread sound.

Not so two lying in the shade of a tree. One was a great black-maned golden lion; the other was a man. He lay upon his back, and the lion lay beside him with one huge paw upon his chest.

"Tarmangani!" murmured the man.

A low growl rumbled in the cavernous chest of the carnivore.

"I shall have to look into this matter," said the man. "Perhaps tonight, perhaps tomorrow." He closed his eyes and fell asleep again, the sleep from which the shots had aroused him.

The lion blinked his yellow-green eyes and yawned; then he lowered his great head and he too slept. . . .

BEFORE Major White reached the head of the column the firing had ceased, and when he arrived he found the askaris and the white men crouching, gazing into the dark forest before them, their rifles ready. Two black soldiers lay on the ground, their bodies pierced by arrows. Already their forms were convulsed by the last throes of dissolution. Naomi Madison crouched upon the floor of her car. Rhonda Terry stood with one foot on the running board, pistol in hand.

White ran to Orman, who stood with rifle in hand peering into the forest. "What happened, Mr. Orman?"

"An ambush," replied Orman. "The devils just fired a volley of arrows at us and then beat it."

"The Basutos," said White.

Orman nodded. "I suppose so. They think they can frighten me with a few arrows, but I'll show the dirty niggers!"

"This was just a warning, Orman. They don't want us forcing our way into their country."

"I don't care what they want—I'm going in anyhow."

"Don't forget, Mr. Orman, that you have a lot of people here for whose lives you are responsible, including two white women, and that you were warned not to come through the Basuto country."

"I'll ask for your advice when I want it."

"You need it now. You know nothing about these people, nor what to expect from them."

"Well, if you're afraid, go back," snapped Orman. "I'll give you porters and a guard."

White smiled. "I'll remain with the company, of course."

Then he turned back to where Rhonda Terry still stood, a trifle pale.

"I couldn't help overhearing what you said to Mr. Orman," said the girl. "Do you really think they will keep on picking us off like this?"

"I am afraid so; it is the way they fight."

She glanced at the two bodies that lay quiet now in the grotesque and horrible postures of death. "I had no idea that arrows could kill so quickly."

"They were poisoned," explained the major.

"Poisoned!" There was a world of horror in the single word.

ORMAN was organizing a stronger advance guard and giving orders to the white men clustered about him: "Keep your rifles ready beside you all the time. I'll try to put an extra armed man on every truck. Keep your eyes open, and shoot at first sight.

"Bill, you and Baine ride with the girls; I'll put an askari on each running board of their car. Clarence, you go to the rear of the column and tell Pat what has happened. Tell him to strengthen the rear guard, and you stay back there and help him. Where is Obroski?"

"Here he comes now," said Clarence Noice.

A tall handsome youth with a shock of black hair was approaching from down the line of cars. He wore a six-shooter strapped about his hips and carried a rifle.

"Where are they?" he called. "Where did they go?"

"Where you been?" demanded Orman.

"I been looking for them. I thought they were back there," Obroski replied. Noice and West grinned.

Like a great snake the safari wound its way into the forest, the creaking of springs, the sound of the tires, the muffled exhausts its only accompaniment.

At last they came to a river. "We'll camp here," said Orman.

White nodded. To him had been delegated the duty of making and breaking camp. In a quiet voice he directed the parking of the cars and trucks.

As he was thus engaged, those who had been passengers climbed to the ground and stretched their legs. Orman sat on the running board of a car and took a drink of Scotch. Naomi Madison sat down beside him and lighted a cigarette. She darted fearful glances into the forest around them and across the river into the still more mysterious wood beyond.

"I wish we were out of here, Tom," she said. "Let's go back before we're all killed."

She moved closer and leaned her lithe body against him. "Aw, Tom, if you loved me you'd take me out of here. I'm scared. I know I'm going to die. If it isn't fever it'll be those poisoned arrows."

"Go tell your troubles to your Lion Man," growled Orman, taking another drink.

"Don't be an old meany, Tom. You know I don't care anything about him. There isn't any one but—"

A shot from the rear of the column halted her in midspeech. Then came another and another in quick succession, followed by a fusillade.

Orman leaped to his feet. Men started to run toward the rear. He called them back. "Stay here!" he cried. "They may attack here too. Major White! Tell the sheik to send a man back there to see what's happened."

The firing at the rear ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The ensuing silence seemed a thing of substance. It was broken by a weird bloodcurdling scream from the dark wood on the opposite bank of the river.

"Gad!" exclaimed Baine. "What was that?"

"I think the bounders are just trying to frighten us," said White.

"Here comes the sheik's man now," said Baine. "There's somebody behind him on the horse."

"It's Clarence," said West.

As the Arab reined his pony in near Orman, Noice slipped to the ground.

"Well, what was it?" demanded the director.

"Same thing that happened up in front back there," replied Noice. "There was a volley of arrows without any warning—two men killed. Then we turned and fired. But we didn't see any one, not a soul."

"Is Pat hurryin' the rest of the safari into camp?" asked Orman.

Noice grinned. "They don't need any hurryin'."

Cars, horsemen, black men afoot were crowding into the clearing. No one wished to be left in the forest.

Major White, with the assistance of Bill West, tried to restore order from chaos; and when Pat O'Grady came in, he helped. At last camp was made.

"HOW'S the Madison, Rhonda?" inquired West.

The girl shrugged. "If she wasn't so darned scared she wouldn't be in such a bad way. That last touch of fever's about passed, but she just lies in the tent and shakes—scared stiff."

"You're a wonder, Rhonda! You don't seem to be afraid."

"Afraid!" exclaimed the girl. "Bill, I never knew what it was to be afraid before."

"You're a wonder! And Madison treats you like scum. Gee, kid, but you've got a great disposition. I don't see how you can be decent to her. It's that dog-gone patronizing air of hers toward you that gets my nanny. The great artiste! Why, you can act circles all around her, kid. And as for looks!"

Rhonda laughed. "That's why she's a famous star and I'm a double. You're prejudiced—you don't like her."

"She's nothing in my young life, one way or another. But I do like you, Rhonda."

"What are you doing, Bill? Making love to me?"

"I'm trying to."

"Well, as a lover you're a great cameraman—and you'd better stick to your camera. This is not exactly the ideal setting for a love scene."

"I'm shootin' one now, Rhonda. I love you."

"Cut!" laughed the girl. . .

Kwamudi, the black headman, stood before Orman.

"My people go back," he said. "Not stay in Basuto country and be killed."

"You can't go back," growled Orman. "You signed up for the whole trip. You tell 'em they got to stay."

"We not sign up to go Basuto country; we not sign up be killed. You go back, we come along. You stay,

Don't let the 7 stains *steal the brilliance of your teeth!*

LOOK for the cause of most dull, lack-luster teeth—*and you'll find it at the dining-table!*

For the plain fact is that foods stain teeth! Not just one food—but every kind of food we eat—from soup to spinach. All in all, there are 7 different kinds of stain—caused by the things we eat and drink and smoke.

True enough, you can't see all these stains immediately. But, unless removed daily these stains accumulate. They gradually dull the brilliance of teeth—much as tarnish gradually dulls the luster of newly-polished silver.

"But," you ask, "why doesn't my tooth-paste remove these stains?" Because, many toothpastes have only *one* cleansing action. And one action cannot remove all 7 stains.

Colgate's has TWO cleansing actions. First—a gentle, thorough *washing* action which removes some of the stains . . .

Second—a safe, effective *polishing* action which removes those stubborn stains that are left—leaving your teeth gleaming, stain-free!

But don't take our word for it. Prove it to yourself! For a limited time only, you can get the large 25-cent tube for 19 cents. Go to your dealer's today—and take advantage of this special offer.

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The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

1. Meats and other proteins
2. Cereals and other starchy foods
3. Vegetables
4. Sweets
5. Fruits
6. Beverages
7. Tobacco smoke

Colgate's removes all seven

we go back. We go daylight." He turned and walked away.

Orman started up angrily from his camp chair, seizing his ever ready whip. "I'll teach you, you black —— — — ——!" he yelled.

White, who had been standing beside him, seized him by the shoulder.

"Stop!" His voice was low but his tone peremptory. "You can't do that! I haven't interfered before, but now you've got to listen to me. The lives of all of us are at stake."

"Don't you interfere, you meddlin' old fool!" snapped Orman. "This is my show and I'll run it my way."

"You'd better go soak your head, Tom," said O'Grady. "You're full of hooch. The major's right. We're in a tight hole, and we won't ever get out of it on Scotch." He turned to the Englishman. "You handle things, major. Don't pay any attention to Tom. He's drunk. Get us out of the mess if you can. How long would it take to get out of this Basuto country if we pushed on?"

"If we were not too greatly delayed by the trucks, we could make it in two days."

"And how long would it take us to reach the location we're headed for if we had to go back and go around the Basuto country?" continued O'Grady.

"We couldn't do it under two weeks."

"The studio's put a lot of money into this already," said O'Grady, "and we haven't got much of anything to show for it. We'd like to get on to location as quick as possible. Don't you suppose you could persuade Kwamudi to go on? If we turn back we'll have those beggars on our neck for a day at least. If we go ahead it will mean just two days of them. Offer Kwamudi's bunch extra pay if they'll stick—it'll be a whole lot cheaper for us than wastin' another two weeks."

"Very well," said White. "I'll see what I can do. I'll talk to Kwamudi at my tent, if you'll send him."

White walked over to his tent, and O'Grady sent a black boy to summon the headman; then he turned to Orman. "Go to bed, Tom," he ordered, "and lay off that hooch."

Without a word, Orman got up and went into his tent.

"You put the kibosh on him all right, Pat," remarked Noice, with a grin. "How do you get away with it?"

O'Grady did not reply. His eyes were wandering over the camp, and there was a troubled expression on his usually smiling face. He noted the air of constraint, the tenseness—as though all were waiting for something to happen, they knew not what.

O'GRADY saw his messenger overhaul Kwamudi and the headman turn back toward White's tent. He saw the blacks silently making their little cooking fires. They did not sing or laugh, and when they spoke they spoke in whispers.

The Arabs were squatting in the *muk'aad* of the sheik's *beyt*. They were a dour lot at best; and their appearance was little different tonight than ordinarily, yet he sensed a difference.

Presently he saw Kwamudi leave White and return to his fellows. Then O'Grady walked over to where the Englishman was sitting in a camp chair, puffing on a squat brier.

"What luck?" he asked.

"The bonus got him," replied White. "They will go on, but on one other condition."

"What is that?"

"His men are not to be whipped."

"That's fair enough," said O'Grady with a smile.

"But how are you going to prevent it?"

"For one thing, I'll throw the whip away; for another, I'll tell Orman we'll all quit him if he doesn't lay off. I can't understand him; he never was like this before. I've worked with him a lot during the last five years."

"Too much liquor," said White. "It's finally got him."

"He'll be all right when we get on location and get to work. He's been worrying too much. Once we get through this Basuto country everything will be jake."

"We're not through it yet, Pat. They'll get some more of us tomorrow—and some more the next day. I don't know how the blacks will stand it. It's a bad business. We really ought to turn around and go back. It would be better to lose two weeks' time than to lose everything, as we may easily do if the blacks quit us. You know we couldn't move through this country without them."

"We'll pull through somehow," O'Grady assured him. "We always do. Well, I'm going to turn in. Good night, major."

THE brief equatorial twilight had ushered in the night. The moon had not risen. The forest was blotted out by a pall of darkness. The universe had shrunk to a few tiny earth fires surrounded by the huddled forms of men and, far above, a few stars.

Obroski paused in front of the girls' tent and scratched on the flap.

"Who is it?" demanded Naomi Madison from within.

"It's me—Stanley."

She bade him enter, and he came in to find her lying on her cot beneath a mosquito bar, a lantern burning on a box beside her.

"Well," she said peevishly, "it's a wonder any one came. I might lie here and die, for all any one cares."

"I'd have come sooner, but I thought of course Orman was here."

"He's probably in his tent, soused."

"Yes, he is. When I found that out I came right over."

"I shouldn't think you'd be afraid of him. I shouldn't think you'd be afraid of anything." She gazed admiringly on his splendid physique, his handsome face.

"Me afraid of that big stiff!" he scoffed. "I'm not afraid of anything. But you said yourself that we ought not to let Orman know about—about you and me."

"No," she acquiesced thoughtfully; "that wouldn't be so good. He's got a nasty temper."

Obroski looked uncomfortable. "Do you suppose there's any chance of his coming over?"

"Not now. He'll be dead to the world till morning."

"Where's Rhonda?"

"Oh, she's probably playing contract with Bill West and Baine and Old Man Marcus. She'd play contract and let me lie here and die all alone!"

"Is she all right?"

"What do you mean all right?"

"She wouldn't tell Orman about us—about my being over here—would she?"

"No, she wouldn't do that. She ain't that kind."

Obroski breathed a sigh of relief. "She knows about us, don't she?"

"She ain't very bright; but she ain't a fool, either. The only trouble with Rhonda is, she's got it in her head she can act since she doubled for me while I was down with the fever. Some one handed her some applesauce, and now she thinks she's some pumpkins. She had the nerve to tell me that I'd get credit for what she did. Believe me, she won't get past the cutting room when I get back to Hollywood—not if I know my groceries and Milt Smith!"

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WE want your honest opinion about the contents of Liberty, and we are willing to pay for it. Our aim is to make Liberty the most outstandingly interesting magazine published in America. You can help us.

First read the contents of this issue and consider each feature in it: editorial—stories—articles—contests—everything, except advertising, between its covers. Then sit down and write us a letter. It won't take you more than ten minutes.

In your letter please tell us:

1. Which, in your opinion, are the best three features, and why.

2. Which is the least interesting, and why.

3. Our best points—our faults.

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To be considered in this contest your letter must reach us on or before December 1, 1933.

Address: Liberty Constructive Criticism Contest, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

"There couldn't anybody act like you, Naomi," said Obroski. "Why, before I ever dreamed I'd be in pictures I used to go see everything you were in. I got an album full of your pictures I cut out of newspapers and magazines. And now to think I'm playin' in the same company with you, and that"—he lowered his voice—"you love me! You do love me, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"Then I don't see why you have to act so sweet on Orman."

"I got to be diplomatic—I got to think of my career."

In the far distance a wailing scream echoed through the blackness of the night; a lion rumbled forth a thunderous answer; the hideous mocking voice of a hyena joined in.

The girl shuddered. "God! I'd give a million dollars to be back in Hollywood."

"They sound like lost souls out there in the night," whispered Obroski.

"And they're calling to us. They're waiting for us. They know that we'll come and then they'll get us."

The flap of the tent moved, and Obroski jumped to his feet with a nervous start. The girl sat straight up on her cot, wide-eyed.

In the next installment you will follow the caravan deeper into the African jungle and read of the struggle to escape from the savage Basutos.

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Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the scientific term for living matter?

2—Where does the expression, "O death, where is thy sting?" come from?

3—Who wrote Confessions of an English Opium-Eater?

4—Who are the Vaalpens?

5—What is gunny?

6—What are neap tides?

7—Who was "Josh Billings"?

8—What is the humerus?

9—What is seismology?

10—Who was the only Vice President of the United States ever to resign from office?

11—Who introduced tobacco into England?

12—What is a gnu?

13—What is hæmophilia?

14—What type of unit is a calorie?

15—What is erosion?

16—Of what country is the tomato a native?

17—Who founded the Boy Scout movement?

18—What is copra?

19—Who is the present governor general of Canada?

20—On what island of the Hawaiian group is Honolulu located?

(Answers will be found on page 53)

IT'S A WISE WIFE
WHO KNOWS HER HUSBAND
AND HER PABST BLUE RIBBON

Eleven o'clock and hubby still at work . . . ambitious, tireless, determined to succeed . . . but he'll pause for a bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. It soothes jaded nerves, develops fresh energy and helps build a sound healthy body. The wise wife keeps Pabst Blue Ribbon on hand at all times. And it's kept on hand throughout the land, the first and emphatic choice of all America.

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Why Soviet *had to* Recog

Harry Micajah Daugherty, who furthered Mr. Dalinda's plan to bring about relations with Soviet Russia.

The Man Who Nearly Achieved American Action in 1921 Tells at Last of the Moscow Blunder that Ditched It

(Reading time: 14 minutes 50 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: There are signs that the United States may be moving in the direction of recognition of the Soviet Union. Recently Spain was the twentieth nation formally to recognize it; thirty-five nations still refuse. If American recognition is in prospect, the former maneuver toward it which is revealed in this article is doubly interesting.

Mr. Dalinda tells his story for the first time, after twelve years. He is a former editor of the Finansovaia Gazeta—the Journal of Commerce of Russia. A veteran of the World War, he came to the United States in 1915 as representative of the Duma to investigate the Russian War Commission's purchases, and was instrumental in bringing about the first Czarist loan to this country.

Opposed to Communism, he made, at Lenin's urgent request, the endeavor which he now recounts in full.

FROM a time shortly after its establishment as the *de facto* government in Russia, the Soviet Republic has striven to achieve American recognition in one way or another. That the ways adopted, internal and external, have been the cause of repeated failures is obvious, and I am wondering whether the new set-up of 1933 will succeed.

Soviet minds are prone to think that America is swayed more by trade and profit than by anything else. Hence, in their first bid for recognition, in 1919, they issued tentative and wholly unilateral orders for materials through Ludwig C. A. K. Martens, the unrecognized Soviet "ambassador" to the United States. But he met with suspicion and hostility, was ostracized in Washington, and was accused of spending large sums on Communist propaganda. Though Martens was himself as aboveboard as was possible, he could not overcome the barriers.

Two other maneuvers were as foolish and futile. In 1920 the Soviet government jailed fourteen American citizens and subjected them to torture. Both the government and Litvinov were certain that pardon and release of the fourteen would bring about recognition, and Litvinov went so far as to make one conditional upon the other!

In the same year, with a man named Vanderlip, the Soviets went through the motions of granting an enormous blanket concession of land covering one third of Siberia, Kamchatka, and the island of Sakhalin. They calculated that the name "Vanderlip" would connote to the American public an outstanding financier of Wall Street, and imply what Russia might do in the way of "big business" for those who gained her favor.

The recent offer made by the U. S. S. R. to sell Japan the Chinese Eastern Railway and the negotiations in Tokyo are still other Soviet moves toward winning long-deferred recognition. And the American depression has given them a grand opportunity to sing yet once more their siren song of a possible billion-dollar volume of trade.

My own experience as "plenipotentiary without portfolio" resulted through overtures made to me by Lenin. He knew that I was out of sympathy with the Bolshevik ideal and program, and it was in extremity that he turned to me as one who raised money for the Czar's government in difficult circumstances. He was sure that I could develop a plan for the economic restoration of Russia which would appeal to American capital and meet with the approval of the American government. I was far from persuaded. Lenin did not know America as I did!

That was in 1920, and in a most critical time. General Yudenich still seemed about to take Petrograd, and the fall of the Bolshevik government was expected hourly. The only way to help Russia, I concluded, was to try to do as Lenin wished, while declaring myself a free agent, outside of Bolshevik pay and any and all political preferment.

Russia *wait for* nition

U. & U. News photos
Was it this man, Santeri Nuorteva, who ditched the Dalinda plan by a blunder? He was in Moscow's Foreign Office.

By JOSEPH Z. DALINDA

Martens was the man I had to begin with, and I found him in Washington, up against a tough situation. Tabooed socially, he was no better off financially. Raising money to pay his debts was my first task. Martens impressed me as a decent fellow caught in a fog and a bog. I was astonished to learn that he had never presented himself to the State Department, and that now nothing could be done at the moment to give him even a toe hold in the antechamber of Washington diplomacy. Furthermore, he had been made the subject of a senatorial investigation, the report of which concluded that his "activities here have been of a nature to render him more suitable for investigation and action by the Department of Justice."

But the United States did not want to make a move in the direction of expelling the representative of a country as large as Russia, even though that country was not recognized. Besides, the atmosphere of the Far East was suggestive of dynamite. The United States did not want conditions aggravated with any additional unnecessary antagonism.

A Presidential election was pending, with the Democratic Party having no prospects of being returned to power. President Wilson had definitely decided to make no move whatever in relations with Russia, preferring to leave the incoming administration a free hand. Both the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of the Interior confirmed this.

NEITHER had I much hope of any change of attitude toward the Bolsheviki in a newly elected Republican President. He would surely stick to the course laid down by Woodrow Wilson, which was a concrete expression of the nation's traditional attitude. As I saw it, Communism and democracy (capitalistic, if you like) were in irrepressible conflict, and one of them would have to "take water" if they were to work together. I was sure that America could not and would not do it.

Unequivocally I told this to both Martens and Moscow, and I began formulating a plan of rapprochement which seemed the only one feasible. I suggested to the anxious Kremlin heads that they invite American geniuses of finance, industry, and engineering to organize and run the economic life of Russia, giving a selected group of representative men a free hand in doing so. If they would act on this suggestion, I could assure Moscow that none of these experts would interfere in Russian politics or social issues.

Colossal as such an undertaking would be, I could see its practical accomplishment if the Bolsheviki would give their promise of a rigid policy of hands off—and keep it. That the incoming American administration would indorse the plan, provided the personnel of the selected reconstructionists met with its approval, I had no doubt. When I heard from Moscow—Lenin, rather—that my idea was acceptable and that I had *carte blanche* to go ahead, I grew still more confident.

An old friend of mine and Russia's, C. T. Revere, a Wall Street man and a learned economist, became interested in my project. In turn, he "sold" his partner, Theus Munds, on it. Through Munds I met William B. Woodbury of the American Telephone Company, who introduced me to his father-in-law, Cyrus Huling, law partner of Harry M. Daugherty, then Harding's campaign manager. Both listened courteously and intelligently and gave me encouragement.

After Harding was nominated at Chicago in 1920, Munds, Woodbury, Huling, and I began formulating a definite program. A month after the election a meeting with Daugherty was arranged. For two hours we talked, and then Daugherty advised us to discuss the project with John Hays Hammond, the famous mining engineer. If Hammond indorsed it, Daugherty would help us further, but not otherwise.

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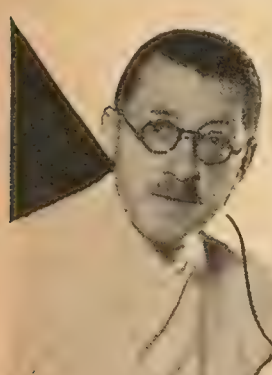

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GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

We found Hammond shrewdly analytical but sympathetic. He had known Russia before the war. When I told him Lenin meant to vest in General Goethals—if he could secure his services—a full industrial dictatorship, Hammond volunteered to approach the general.

Soon after our visit we received a letter from Hammond with a warning about the status of Soviet gold in this country. The acting Secretary of State had told him there were complications involved in its use here for any purpose whatever, but Daugherty was confident that he would be able to cope with this dubious question.

General Goethals consented to join us, but only in principle until some of the initial objectives had been accomplished. One of these, Daugherty insisted, was to have Ludwig Martens with his principal entourage depart from the United States. His presence, it was strongly felt, would be embarrassing to the new administration. I was afraid that Lenin & Co. would not relish this suggestion at all, but I told Martens what was wanted, and why.

L. C. A. K. Martens, who was Russia's "ambassador" in Washington in 1919-20.

Moscow wrangled about it, then consented. Martens and his staff sailed for Europe on January 21, 1921, and that *fait accompli* made a tremendous impression on my American associates as to my influence with the Soviets.

The next question was what steps the Kremlin would have to take on the vitally important occasion of the inauguration of Mr. Harding.

AGAIN my friends were inflexibly specific. Every Soviet communication to the heads of other governments had been addressed "To All" and at the time signed by G. Tchitcherin, the Commissar of Foreign Affairs. But now it was demanded of me that I persuade the Soviet authorities to send a polite, mildly worded message to Harding on his inauguration, and to stipulate that it be signed not by Tchitcherin, Lenin, or Trotsky, but by the man whose official position corresponded to that of the President of the United States—Michael Kalinin, Chairman of the All-Russia Central Executive Committee, who had never spoken in the name of his government.

Furthermore, I was given the exact wording of the message (prepared by Howard D. Manning, publicity man in the Harding campaign) which was expected of the official head of the Soviet government!

Only Lenin's powerful support afforded me the courage to relay my instructions and the cut-and-dried message to Moscow. But miracles do happen.

Without quibble, I received word from Moscow that what I had requested would be granted. From the American side I was permitted to promise Moscow that this communication of Kalinin's would not be left unacknowledged, as had all previous communications from Martens, Tchitcherin, and other Soviet leaders.

While President-elect Harding was resting in St. Augustine, Daugherty made arrangements for me to visit him. I persuaded Huling and Munds to go with me. We arrived at the Ponce de Leon Hotel on Saturday evening, February 19, 1921. Secret Service men had trailed us, suspicious of me as one who had consorted with Martens, I suppose. However, when they saw us join Daugherty they disappeared.

THE following afternoon we met Mr. Harding, who received us very graciously indeed. Daugherty gave orders that no one was to disturb us and that even the incessant long-distance telephone was not to interrupt. Harding said—and I am quoting from my notes made at the time:

"You can talk freely, Mr. Dalinda, as one newspaperman to another, and I will give you all the time you want. I am told you are not a Communist. Certainly Russia is very important to us, and I should like to see her back on her feet once more.

"If Russia wants the Soviets, let her have them. Nobody has the right to interfere with her wishes. If she wants to have Communism, it is none of our business—but I will not stand for her importing her theories here, and I wish you would make that darn' clear to those fellows in Moscow."

Daugherty had advised me previously to put this leading question to him: "Would you expect the Soviet government to make the first move, if any, in approaching the American government under your administration?"

"Yes," he said, "I would expect to be approached first."

And he added and repeated emphatically that an appropriate address from the Russian electoral body (Congress of All-Russian Soviets) made through its chairman seemed both opportune and desirable. I had a feeling that he knew of our Kalinin message, already in hand.

My next leading question was whether a Russian commission representing the Soviet government would

meet with his approval. He thought an American commission to Russia might be more desirable.

It was my opening. I told him about my idea of creating a syndicate of captains of American industry, engineering, and finance, with Goethals at its head, if the United States government would permit it and give him leave of absence, to bring economic order out of Russian chaos.

I saw that Harding was favorably impressed, and he said that if any one could do the job it was General Goethals. But he brought up, as I knew he would, the pertinent question of Soviet gold. I told him how I had arranged a shipment from London to Revel, Esthonia, of twenty million dollars in Soviet gold, to be carried on a British man-o'-war, and had secured the official promise of Lloyd George, then premier, to the effect that this gold would not be subject to attachment, and that credits would be open to the Soviets to the amount of 90 per cent of its value, provided they bought in England.

"Well," said Harding thoughtfully, "if the English can, we'll have to find a way."

I explained to him the way it could be done without obligation on the part of the American government, and without the necessity of national recognition, which I feared he might think I had up my sleeve. Let my nation builders get to work, I thought, and the rest would take care of itself.

"You gentlemen had better see the new Secretary of State while you are here," suggested the President-elect. "No one knows as yet who it is, but it's Charles Evans Hughes."

Mr. Hughes was polite but cold. I could see that he didn't care very much for Daugherty, who called him "Charley" and tried to be on the most friendly footing. My great American-Soviet objective was explained to him. While he hoped it would be successful, he was decidedly noncommittal on the thorny subject of Soviet gold, and gave scant attention to Daugherty's volunteered opinion. But he was most cordial to me in saying he would give his best consideration to any question I might submit to the State Department.

BACK in New York, it was our task to get together a group of prominent Americans for our bold venture—men who would be beyond all suspicion of ulterior motive. Twelve years ago this was extremely difficult in any association with "those damned Bolsheviki." However, we had the courageous Goethals to bolster our cause, and Daugherty enabled us to reach Daniel G. Reid, intimating that the old tin-plate king and financier would carry great weight with the new administration.

Huling, Munds, and I saw Reid in his spacious apartment on Fifth Avenue. The old fellow was friendly but hard-boiled—much interested, but wanted to think it over. At our next meeting he had present his attorney, Judge William M. K. Olcott, who quickly saw the value of my plan.

After that second conference Reid arranged, with the Secretary of War that General Goethals be granted permission to go to Russia. Our financial affiliation with the Chase National Bank was due to his influence. Albert H. Wiggins, its president, helped us to organize as the Amruss Syndicate, which passed resolutions that were submitted to the State Department and then to Moscow.

On March 4, 1921, Harding was inaugurated. On March 21 came the fateful message from Kalinin:

> From the first days of her existence Soviet Russia cherished the hope of the possibility of a speedy establishment of friendly relations with the Greater Republic of North America. . . . The Soviet Republic, entirely absorbed in the work of internal reconstruction and of building up its economic life, has not the intention of intervening in the internal affairs of America, and the All-Russian Central Executive Committee makes herewith a categorical declaration to this effect. .

SURELY a hope graciously expressed and a reassuring promise. But neither was to be fulfilled!

For, despite my express stipulation and clear understanding that Kalinin's all-important communication was *to be sent only to President Harding,* it was also addressed *to the Congress of the United States.* No government ever addresses the Congress directly. And to add to the egregious blunder, or malicious intent, and again contrary to my understanding, as well as to the common practice of friendly nations, the message had been published in the Russian press prior to its release in the United States.

This was double discourtesy. Congress would not acknowledge it, and President Harding couldn't. Instead, in due course, followed Secretary Hughes's classic statement setting forth the policy and terms of the United States in relation to the Soviet Republic:

"The safety of life, the recognition by firm guaranties of private property, the sanctity of contract, and the right of free labor."

Who dumped the apple cart? Moscow was furious. At first I was blamed, until I explained. Lenin, I know for a fact, raised the roof of the Kremlin. Investigation proved that one Santeri Nuorteva, on the staff of Martens when he was in the United States and later jailed by the Cheka, was directly responsible for addressing the Kalinin message to Congress. But Nuorteva, then in the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, said that Litvinov, then assistant to Tchitcherin, had instructed him to do it! Also, Litvinov had given out the message to the Russian press!

What a pretty kettle of fish there was in Lenin's den in the Kremlin, with Litvinov and Martens and Nuorteva sizzling on the red-hot coals of their master's wrath!

THE END

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GASLIGHT, GEN

Beery and Raft in The Bowery; Mr. Lewis's Art on the Screen; Another Song-and-Dance Show; and a Vaudeville Drama Among the New Films

By

BEVERLY HILLS

Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery in the unusual and very enjoyable picture of old New York, The Bowery.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 20 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ THE BOWERY

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Beery, George Raft, Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray, Pert Kelton, George Walsh, Oscar Apfel, Tammany Young. Directed by Raoul Walsh.

AS far as we know, the Bowery has always been much what it is now—a squalid thoroughfare, more like a tunnel than a street, lined with greasy restaurants, Chinese laundries, beer dives, and panhandlers. However, it would be a pity not to believe in the place as legend has made it: a wild playground for saloon keepers, gamblers, and chorus girls in petticoats, an arena for fire companies to fight each other in, a gay campus for good-natured thieves, singing waiters, ward heelers, newsboys, and pretty school-teachers in the company of white-slave experts. As a matter of fact, it took about five minutes of this picture—the shot of Wallace Beery in a double-breasted box-front coat getting his shoes shined, to be exact—to make us ready to believe anything further it had to say on the subject of the Bowery or its environs.

The Bowery has a great deal to say on the subject. It is Darryl Zanuck's first production with his own company, and he was apparently under the impression that the public would consider it chiseling unless he put in enough stories for three pictures, all the New York celebrities of the gaslight era, John L. Sullivan, the Brooklyn Bridge by moonlight, and the best imitation of Mae West he could find, since she was one of the few stars that he was unable to borrow. In order to prove that he is the equal of his more firmly established rivals in other respects, he stole from as many pictures as he could conveniently remember, including The Champ, He Done Her Wrong, and What Price Glory.

In The Bowery comic situations are handled like card tricks. Jackie Cooper meets Beery in a saloon and receives a lecture on women—"They're nutty, like a fruit cake," briskly illustrated when Beery taps an overattentive strumpet on the head with a blackjack. Ordered off to bed, Jackie begs to be allowed to throw one more stone through a laundryman's window on his way home. Ten minutes later some one arrives with the report that a laundry is on fire. Beery, in addition to running the biggest saloon on the Bowery, has the best fire company. He bets George Raft—in the character of Steve Brodie—that his brigade will reach the fire first. Instead of fighting the fire—which Jackie's stone throwing has started—the fire companies fight each other, with brickbats, garbage pails, brass knuckles, and blackjacks.

The movie version of Lewis's novel Ann Vickers has Walter Huston and Irene Dunne in the leading parts.

It is barely possible that the foregoing analysis will leave you wondering what The Bowery is all about. It is a gaslight characature of two vaguely historical characters: Chuck Connor (Beery), the Mayor of Chinatown; and Steve Brodie (Raft), who jumped off Brooklyn Bridge. When not engaged in annoying Beery with popgun cigars, Raft is stealing the affections of his girl (Fay Wray), making friends with his newsboy pal (Jackie Cooper), or fighting with him on a barge. Pert Kelton, a girl who distinguished herself several years ago by imitating Charlie Chaplin in Sunny, distinguishes herself again by imitating Mae West without talking as though she had just swallowed a lighted cigarette. The Bowery is a thoroughly likable and unusual picture.

★★★ ANN VICKERS

THE PLAYERS: Irene Dunne, Walter Huston, Conrad Nagel, Bruce Cabot, Edna May Oliver, Sam Hardy, Ferdinand Gottschalk. Directed by John Cromwell.

The job of making it seem possible that a woman social worker might be an alluring as well as an intelligent person must have been difficult enough when Sinclair Lewis did it on paper. It is a little harder on the screen, but Irene Dunne does a fine job. The picture tends to take itself a shade too seriously, but it is hard to see what Director Cromwell could have done about this. The life history of a lady who starts out as a settlement worker, has an unhappy love affair with a soldier, rebounds into prison-reform work, and winds up in love with a judge who is indicted for graft and imprisoned for three years while she has an illegitimate son, is not material that could be treated in the manner of a Silly Symphony. Ann Vickers is honest, interesting, solemn, and well acted, and so generally commendable that our only specific objection to it may as well be briefly stated.

If it is permissible to change a story in adapting it for

IUS, and GIRLS

the screen, it might be permissible to change a few names also. A hero called Barney Dolphin is allowable, but the device of hinting darkly at the habits of a minor female character by calling her Kitty Cognac somehow seems more suitable to fiction than it can ever be in the crude and blatant medium of moving pictures.

★★★ FOOTLIGHT PARADE

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee, Ruth Donnelly, Claire Dodd, Hugh Herbert, Frank McHugh, Renée Whitney, Philip Faversham. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Dance Director, Busby Berkeley.

It has been obvious for some time that Warner Brothers' series of musicals, in which this is the successor to 42nd Street and Gold Diggers of 1933, was establishing a dangerous trend. The first two were back-stage romances. This one, concerning a dance director of movie-theater units instead of a Broadway producer, is getting entirely too close to home. It looks very much as though Warner Brothers' next effort would be staged in Harry Warner's attic. As it is already practically impossible, in reviewing these things, to make it clear where the story stops and the story-within-a-story starts, our advice to Busby Berkeley would be a long rest, followed by a production in which the chorus, instead of impersonating the chorus of some other musical comedy, would simply appear and do a dance.

If you pay close attention to the early reels you will almost undoubtedly be able to discover what is going on, and if you go to sleep for the first six reels—the picture runs two hours—you should be equally prepared to appreciate the closing numbers. It turns out that Cagney, the dance director, with the assistance of Frank McHugh, has finally assembled three fairly satisfactory routines, and if they are well received at a preview he will be likely to embrace Joan Blondell, his

James Cagney and Claire Dodd in a scene from the latest in song-and-dance films, Footlight Parade.

devoted secretary, in such a way as to express emotions more profound than gratitude for rescuing him from a dangerous engagement with her friend Renée Whitney.

The second of Cagney's three dance numbers—which, as you have doubtless gathered, Busby Berkeley really directed—shows the chorus paddling about in an onyx swimming pool. This is the smash sequence of the picture, and its peak is a shot from above of the chorus floating on its back and assembling, presumably with the aid of submerged outboard motors, into stars, circles, jig-saw puzzles, and a double line that opens and shuts like a zipper fastener. Footlight Parade has at least two songs of the kind that will be pleasantly recognizable when you hear them again on the radio—called, as we remember them, Shanghai Lil and Honeymoon Hotel.

It needs cutting in the early sequences. After watching rehearsing dancers, you begin to believe in the theory that legs were meant for purposes other than pure decoration. Otherwise it is a fair example of Warner Brothers' efforts to glorify the Hollywood girl.

★★ STAGE MOTHER

THE PLAYERS: Alice Brady, Maureen O'Sullivan, Franchot Tone, Phillips Holmes, Ted Healy, Russell Hardie, C. Henry Gordon, Alan Edwards, Ben Alexander. Directed by Charles R. Brabin.

There is one character new to the movies in Stage Mother. Alice Brady makes her interesting, frightful, and believable. The rest of the picture is the customary back-stage hodgepodge based on the two most overworked axioms in Hollywood—that vaudeville actors possess glamour and that the show must go on. It would be to every one's advantage if the next time a scenario writer started a composition on the latter theme, he would count ten, ask himself "Why?" and then write something else.

Alice Brady is a woman who, having failed on the stage herself, is determined to make her daughter a successful dancer. In doing so she does her best to wreck a romance between Maureen O'Sullivan, her daughter, and Franchot Tone. There are moments when this situation becomes disturbing, but there are not enough of them to fill in the twenty years of Shirley's life which the picture covers. An actor who deserves to have his name in the cast is the small boy who sings When Irish Eyes Are Smiling and makes it the best laugh in the picture by turning his hook-nosed profile to the camera.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens.

★★★—The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy, the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face.

Stage Mother is featured by Alice Brady's excellent acting. She is shown above with Maureen O'Sullivan.

Garden *and*

A Brilliant Opera Star's Own Story of the Course of One Famous Friendship and the Beginning of Another

(Reading time: 17 minutes 55 seconds.)

SO frequent were the scandals breaking within the Chicago Opera Company that a lawyer with political pull and special experience in such matters was retained to meet our singers arriving in New York. They were bound to be in some trouble or other! Perhaps it was the Italian barytone who wanted to bring in five trunks filled with champagne, claiming he could not live without it. Or perhaps it was the trusting and childlike Baklanoff who found himself and his lady friend shunted to Ellis Island, blankly unable to understand why the United States immigration laws called them "criminals" because they were in love!

In Chicago the opera company was a constant source of scandal news for the papers. There was the time Formichi and Chaliapin disagreed over a lady and almost wrecked a suite in a large hotel, while the lady stood on the piano screaming a soprano accompaniment to the deep grunts of the two powerful bassos. Another time, during a rehearsal, Chaliapin, who always wanted everything exactly according to his own ideas, broke into a bitter tirade directed against Spadoni, the assistant musical director.

"You don't know art or music or anything else in this terrible country," hurled the Russian. "You do not know how to treat a real artist!"

Spadoni jumped from his seat in the orchestra, ran on the stage, and confronted Chaliapin, his eyes blazing.

"So we don't know how to treat great artists, eh?" he said. "Well, I'll show you that we do!" And he hit the basso a blow on the nose that knocked him down.

Chaliapin was excitable and unmanageable and was perpetually in a state of song. He would sing anywhere and on no provocation, which used to annoy his manager and the opera officials tremendously. He was fascinated by two distinctive sides to Chicago life—the stockyards and the elevated. He would ride the trains on the latter by the hour, sometimes bursting into song, to the vast astonishment and edification of the other passengers. One time he sang something from The Barber of Seville while standing in a packing-house slaughter pen. "Don't look so unhappy!" he bellowed to the frightened steers. "It is Chaliapin who sings to you while you die!"

Mary Garden and Giorgio Polacco, the musical director, were constantly at daggers drawn, in spite of the fact that each really admired the other enormously. Mary had brought Polacco over from Europe. They were constantly hurling insults at each other. Once they had a row that lasted two days and nights. It was something to listen to, for while Mary was no linguist, she knew all the insults in Italian, French, Spanish, Russian, and German. "The first word I learn in any language," she told me once, "is *pig!*"

Following this row Garden was to sing the difficult rôle of Mélisande. Polacco used every trick he knew to "jam" the opera—conducting ahead of or behind the proper beat, to confuse Garden and spoil her performance. When it was over he was summoned to her dressing room. She bounded at him like a fury, seized him by the back of his neck, and threw him out, sprawling, into the corridor. Two days later they were friends again.

"Garden is a goddess—but she's stark, raving mad," Polacco said once to me. "Polacco is a pig—and a genius," said Garden.

It was not long after I had signed with the Chicago Opera Company that I discovered into what a strange and frantic existence I had so gayly plunged. It was like living in a perpetual fever. Suspicion and distrust were the keynotes of our relations, yet every one called every one else "darling." Our very dearest friends were often the target for our spiciest scandal. Nobody's domestic life was secure from our gossip. Like movie stars, we couldn't be seen with a man twice before the word went around that he was paying our rent!

We took two things seriously—ourselves and our own voices. Muratore took me aside one day and asked me if I was studying hard. I said I was.

"That's right," said the kindly tenor. "Remember, there is but one really immutable law in opera—to achieve the inner circle you must really be able to *sing*."

Later I was to find out how true this was.

Mary Garden told me her six prime rules for success in opera:

First: Be certain you have an "opera voice."

Second: Work like hell!

Third: If you must fall in love, do it between seasons.

Fourth: When your voice is in question, do not believe: (*a*) your lover, (*b*) your family, (*c*) the critics, (*d*) your fellow artists.

Fifth: Never employ a manager nor pay for a performance.

Sixth: During rehearsals, do what the director tells you; during the performance, please yourself.

Mary had constituted herself my guardian.

"I like you because you're funny and nervy," she said to me once. Another time she said to Muratore: "That child gets into so much trouble she's a joy to watch!"

A FEW days after she put me under contract she summoned me to her suite in the Ritz. I found her propped up in bed with the room flowing over with tenors, agents, impresarios, waiters, salesmen, and bill collectors—all men, and all talking at once in a barrage of different languages. As soon as she saw me she yelled to them all to get out, accompanying her command with a gesture that knocked over the coffeepot. When they had obeyed she looked at me with a grimace. "These men! Pigs, all of them! My dear, the other day when I was dressing I found a drunken barytone eating a ham sandwich in my bathroom!"

Then she took my hands and sat me down on the bed.

"Listen," she said. "I'm going to give you a chance to sing in Chicago this fall, if you'll do what I tell you meanwhile. One of the dearest friends I have in the world is Mrs. Robinson Duff. You've heard of her?"

I nodded. "Mrs. Duff, the great voice coach."

"Well, Mrs. Duff did everything for me when I was starting in opera," pursued Mary. "She believed in me when a lot of other people didn't. Anyway, I want you to go to her. I've told her about you."

I thrilled with pleasure. To study with Mrs. Robinson Duff—Mary's own teacher! But how could I afford it? Mary had seen my face fall. She patted my hand. "Don't worry about the money, dear," she said. "The company will look after that."

When it was a question of the sponsors' money Mary erred always on the side of generosity.

The first thing she had done on assuming direction of the company was to increase her own salary—rumor said to the enormous sum of $3,000 a performance—and she sang twice a week. It was also said that when it was a question of engaging friends of hers, such as Muratore,

Insull *and* I

From the Intimate Memoirs of

MARY McCORMIC

PRINCESS MDIVANI

as told to BASIL WOON

or Galli-Curci, or Tito Schipa, she handed them a blank contract and told them to fill it in for whatever they thought they were worth. On at least two occasions she crossed out the amounts they had written in and doubled them!

If any one was in debt or trouble Mary Garden would spring to the rescue at once. She would never give a penny of her own money, but she would spend hours looking up rich men she knew, telling them: "So-and-so's a darling and is in a fix. Lend her so much!" They did.

"It's the one thing a man is really useful for," she said to me. "Why spend your own money when a dozen millionaires are willing to give you theirs?"

She hated paying bills and was perpetually surrounded by bailiffs and bill collectors. However, her credit was always excellent and invariably there were salesmen begging her to buy, so I suspect her casual attitude toward bills was more or less a pose.

But if her philosophy about money was extraordinary, her generosity in other ways was almost unbelievable.

ONE day she came to see me and the apartment was filled with flowers. "Who's dead?" she demanded. I said that the day before had been my birthday.

"Why didn't you tell me?" She seemed really hurt. I said I no longer shouted my birthdays from the housetops.

"Well, you might have said something to me," she insisted. She was wearing a jewel I had coveted for months—an emerald of 125 carats set in pendant form with diamonds and pearls on a black-onyx background. Suddenly she unfastened it and handed it to me. "Here, child," she said, "I've always wanted to give you something worth while."

On other occasions she gave me a marvelous jade necklace, two jade bracelets, and a brooch. Once I commented on a beautiful new jewel on Mary's breast—a bar pin set with twenty-six large square diamonds.

"I wonder which of my boy friends I can get to give me a pin like that?" I said jokingly.

"What? This? Never mind about your boy friends," said Garden, jerking the pin loose and throwing it on the bed. "There's your pin!"

When I went to see Mrs. Robinson Duff I heard about Mary's beginnings. "She was the sweetest, dearest, meekest, *nicest* child," Mrs. Duff said musingly.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Mary Garden *meek?*"

Mrs. Duff laughed outright. "Unless you know the real Mary Garden," she said, "it's hard to believe, I know; but when I first met her she was modest, unassuming, obedient, and quiet. She had the loveliest character of any pupil I have ever had."

It *was* hard to believe! But it was as Mrs. Duff said. When I grew to know Mary Garden better I discovered

At the left: Above, Mary Garden as she appeared while director of the Chicago Opera. Center, Samuel Insull, who became the Chicago Opera's chief sponsor and Mary McCormic's good friend. Below, Mary McCormic in the days of her Chicago triumphs.

Giorgio Polacco, who as musical director squabbled with Garden.

Fyodor Chaliapin, "excitable and perpetually in a state of song."

Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera, Garden's rival impresario.

the sweetness and the niceness were still there. Deep down beneath that hard-boiled exterior of hers Mary Garden is a shy, lovely person.

Mrs. Duff's studio was in the East Fifties. I was more or less awed, but she put me at my ease at once. She asked me to sing one or two songs for her. When I had finished she took a turn or two around the room before she gave her verdict. I was on tenterhooks. Finally she stopped by me and said:

"You have good range and there's a promise of plenty of volume. It's a question of control. Your accent is atrocious! Child, if you sang like that in Italy there would be a riot!"

So she was not interested! What would Mary say?

"In a good many ways," she went on, "your voice reminds me of Mary's, before she went to Europe. The question is—have you the energy and the strength? You look healthy enough."

Lack of vitality, she stated, could ruin an opera singer as much as lack of range and tone.

"Do you know," she said, "you look a good deal like Mary as she was in those days. I can only tell you what I told her, years ago: your future lies with yourself. There is only one recipe for success: Work."

Work! Always work! Every one told me the same thing. Years later Albert Carré, finding me downcast during a quarrel with Serge Mdivani, said, "I know what you are going through, my child. And I have a remedy—you must work. *Le travail ne vous trahit jamais!*" And that is true. Work is the one thing that never betrays.

WHEN the Manhattan Opera House season closed, Mary Garden went abroad, and a "talent war" began between her and Gatti-Casazza, between the rival Metropolitan and Chicago opera companies. The two operas have an agreement which bars either from "raiding"—enticing the other's stars away. But that does not apply to singers who have not yet signed a contract.

Agents of each began scouring the capitals of Europe for singers of reputation and proven ability. The McCormicks had given Mary Garden what amounted to *carte blanche* in the matter of making contracts. Gatti-Casazza, more canny and prudent, nevertheless had at his command large sums. There ensued several noteworthy tussles for talent, and European agents and impresarios made hay. Gatti-Casazza wanted Baklanoff, but Mary thrust a blank contract under his nose and said, "Write your own figure!"—and got him. She signed Nina Koshetz. She signed more than a dozen famous European stars, some of whom remained for an entire season at fabulous salaries without ever singing.

In justice to Mary Garden it must be stated that she accepted the directorship only at the earnest solicitation of both the McCormicks, and only on the stipulation that they would provide her with a competent business manager. In this latter particular they failed. The man they gave Mary Garden to handle opera finances knew little of opera and had hardly more business ability than Mary herself. Moreover, he was weak-kneed. He was under Mary's domination and thumb from the start. She adored a strong man, and tested men by trying to dominate them. Generally she succeeded, and then she had no use for them. If the business manager had held tighter the purse strings, Mary would have fought him and berated him, but she would have admired him. But her business manager gave in to her with hardly a struggle, and so the great splurge continued.

In the end she gave Chicago the finest opera, artistically, that America had ever known. And she presented Harold and Edith Rockefeller McCormick with a deficit of more than a million dollars.

AS the time for the season and my début approached, Chicago seemed filled with opera stars. Almost every good hotel had its quota. The prima donnas included Mary, Amelita Galli-Curci, Edith Mason, Lina Cavalieri, Rosa Raisa, and Nina Koshetz.

Galli-Curci had been discovered a year or two previously by Campanini. As I knew her she was a silent, rather negative personality. When she appeared on the stage it was as if she were suddenly endowed with new life. Her voice was magnificent, but her acting was not good. She never learned in that direction. She was inclined to be haughty and was never very nice to me, seeming to consider me a little beneath her notice. Stories were current that she lived on one tenth of her salary, sending the rest to Italy. She was not much liked in the company—but her name had become one to conjure with. Her concert tours were triumphal.

Rosa Raisa was a plump, jolly, talkative woman who was perpetually wanting babies and never having any. She picked for a husband a man who had already fathered several children but gave her none. It was her private tragedy and we all felt rather sorry for her. Of us all she was probably the most respectable.

Tito Schipa went around in a daze. He was one of the most absent-minded persons I have ever known—but he was a grand singer and really a very nice man.

Charley Hackett was a delightful man with a passion for everything Italian except rival tenors. He had married a lovely vivacious Italian woman and had two children. Edward Johnson, the other American tenor, was a dear—a slenderish man with a big heart and a quite unexpected turn of humor. As for Muratore, he was a perfect lamb, and smelled like a powder puff, and Cavalieri never let him out of her sight.

It had been decided that I should make my début as Musetta in La Bohème. Mary wanted me to sing Mimi, but I didn't want my first rôle in opera to be that of a sick woman. So we agreed on Musetta.

But as the date drew nearer Mary changed her mind.

Harold McCormick. Garden's deficit of a million was too much for him.

Edith Mason, Chicago Opera prima donna of the Mary Garden galaxy.

Baklanoff, barytone, whom Garden signed up despite Gatti-Casazza.

"You won't sing Musetta," she said. "You'll make your début with Muratore and myself in Carmen."

And sing Micaëla I did, a week later, on one of the gala matinées of the whole season.

I was scared to death. Muratore was kind, Mary was jocular. "Go out there and sing to the last row in the balcony," she said. "Never mind the stuffed shirts sitting out in front. This is your day. You'll be famous tomorrow—maybe."

I do not remember singing that afternoon. I do not remember even going on the stage. I have a vague memory of huge baskets of flowers being handed up from the orchestra, of Polacco rushing up and kissing me on both cheeks, of Muratore crying with gladness for me, of Mary carrying me off to a celebration. I know I laughed and cried and sang and cried again.

The next day I did not dare open the newspapers. The telephone rang. Trembling, I answered it.

"Well," came Mary's voice, "have you seen the papers yet?"

"N-no," I answered, trying to guess her tone, and failing.

"Well—don't believe a word they say!" said Mary, and rang off, chuckling.

My heart like lead, I reached out for the Tribune. Not believe what they said? Then it must be—

I forced myself to read. "Sensational Début of New Soprano: Mary McCormic Triumphs in Carmen."

Just before the season ended it became known that the McCormicks were stepping out of the picture. The burden was too heavy. A million dollars deficit! No purse could stand a strain like that.

To save the company, a committee of prominent citizens was formed. Samuel Insull was elected chairman.

INSULL was then at the height of his power. He was almost a czar in Chicago. He controlled all the utilities—light, power, gas, transportation—not only in Chicago but in most of the Middle West. But as a man he was hardly known at all. He was a strange and inscrutable figure, a Midas of mystery.

It quickly became evident that, having been given the reins, he meant to hold them himself. The day he was elected chairman he made a speech. The opera company, he said, would continue to more brilliant achievements than before—but it would continue on a business basis. There would be no more wasting of millions. There was great applause at this; the committee was vastly encouraged. If they could have seen forward a few years they would have seen Samuel Insull spend more on the opera than Mary Garden had ever thought of spending!

He said he had already a list of potentially willing sponsors, and he would himself accept the responsibility of directing the spending of all funds. It was understood that Mary Garden would be asked to resign as director. They did not have to ask. She resigned that day, retaining, of course, her contract as prima donna.

On the morning of the meeting Spearman Lewis came to see me. There was to be a big banquet in honor of Samuel Insull. I had decided not to go. Lewis came to try to change my mind. "Mary doesn't expect you to get off the ship just because she is quitting the bridge," he said. "Go and make friends with Insull."

"Me—make friends with Insull?" I laughed. "Why, he doesn't even know I'm on earth!"

"LISTEN," said Lewis. "I know Insull well, and I know how he can be handled. Every one here is afraid to be natural with him. Mary, he's a lonely old man, and any one who shows she isn't scared of him can have anything he's got!"

"That sounds interesting, anyway," I said, smiling.

"And nobody is within a yard of him," insisted Lewis. "He's a sort of king—alone on a pedestal he built himself. He hasn't any one he can *talk* to. When you meet him, don't flatter him—kid him! Get him interested. You can do it—you're young and a new-comer and he distrusts the others. I tell you if you play your cards properly you can have him eating out of your hand!"

"I can't do it," I said. "Mary's been wonderful to me."

"You're loony!" exclaimed Lewis. "Nobody can help Mary with Insull. He's after her scalp. You can be a real friend of hers if you will do as I say."

Well, I consented. I went to the banquet, and Insull was at the next table. I met his gaze and smiled. I saw him whispering to the woman next to him, indicating me. I got up to dance, and when I returned to my table, Insull was in the next chair.

I talked to him as if he had been any ordinary man I liked. I let him know I thought him fascinating, distinguished. But I did not show the awe of him I really felt. I joked with him and made him laugh. The others at the table were amazed. The whole room was absorbed. I was showing them a new Samuel Insull. Hardly any one present had ever seen him smile.

That night Mr. Insull took me home. There began a very real and delightful companionship that has lasted until this day. I came to know Samuel Insull as nobody in the world knew him. I was the first to know that his plans extended beyond America even; that one day he intended to be Power Dictator of the world!

He is fallen now and his dream has crumbled. His erstwhile friends, the bankers, have made him their scapegoat, and his name has become a hateful symbol. But he was my good friend and I am his friend now.

Life for me became more exciting, for I was between two fires. Before long Insull wanted Mary Garden to resign as prima donna. I risked my chances with him on her behalf, and he gave in. Garden stayed.

More of Mary McCormic's intimate memoirs will appear in Liberty next week.

Ghost's

By RUPERT

PART TWO—VOICES IN THE STORM

SOMETHING told Titus that if it were an M, it stood for "Merle." If it were a W, it stood for "Winnie." He was sure that he had found one of those lost mines that filled the legends, but his anxious eyes told him that the sun, tumbling to the horizon, would soon be gone.

Rain clouds were closing in and the way home was infernally treacherous.

He fled from his good luck, pausing only to look back from a distance and to fix its position by the landmarks, the "monuments," a thing none too easy in the diabolic grotesquerie of forms, the chaos of markings. All he could be sure of was that the shaft was under a projecting

He jotted some of them down on a sheet of paper.

(Reading time: 14 min. 10 sec.)

WINNIE SLOAN, wife of Bank President Adna Sloan, and aunt of Prue Stiles, advises Prue's fiancé, Titus, who has just been told to go to a high dry climate, to try Rainbow. "That," she says, "is where Merle Torrey went." She then explains that she and Merle were sweethearts years before. Merle had borrowed money from the bank, lost it, borrowed more, and, facing discovery, fled to Rainbow, then a mining camp, to make his fortune, repay the bank, and claim Winnie. But Adna, who loved Winnie, discovered the theft, and promised not to prosecute if Winnie would marry him. Winnie pathetically asks Titus to send Prue word if he runs across trace of Merle.

Titus finds Rainbow a deserted town. In the jail he finds a heap of old newspapers and a bullet-scarred copy of Dickens with certain words checked in pencil. He also finds a tombstone on which is inscribed, "M. Torrey, lynched by mistake. Good luck, partner, the joke is on us." Jake Hevlin, only relic of Rainbow at its boom, drifts in and fills in the background of the old mining town—including Torrey's ghost—for Titus. Titus writes Prue of his discovery and Winnie collapses. In the meantime Titus discovers a hidden mine shaft with the initial M or W carved on its face.

At last he was sure he saw a crouched and mournful creature.

Gold

HUGHES

A Romance for Those Who Believe that the Things Men Do Live After Them. *Concluding a Remarkable Two-Part Story*

ledge with a hint of a human profile. The way home led between two round knobs.

The next morning he was so lame that he could hardly reach the creek to draw water. He would have to lie up for the day and rest, postponing his hopes of further study of the mine shaft. But he was strong enough to drive his car. He set its rheumatic engine to roaring, and clattered out along the road to Yuma. He wanted to stake out his claim, but he was not sure of his prior right to it; afraid that if he spoke of it mobs would rush out and steal his wealth.

At the post office he found a big parcel from Prue, with a warning: "Not to be opened till Christmas." There was a letter too, and a fat one, with a Christmas seal. Even as he began to open it, he decided to save it to read on Christmas Day—already tomorrow. He bought himself a ribboned wreath of desert holly for his jail, to put in front of Prue's picture. It was not really holly, only an albino plant with crisp brittle leaves, all of it of a wan, ashen white—a ghost holly for the ghost of a Christmas in a ghost town.

When his car rattled back into Rainbow he could almost have wept because the shops and saloons and the hotel were all empty. Yet he called out greetings to the people who should have been there. He drove carefully past the schoolhouse in a pretense that he must not run over any children that might be dragging their sleds across the dazzling snow-white sand. He was tempted to dash into a saloon and shout: "Come one, come all! This round's on me! Come along, girls; you're included."

But the saloons were silent, the barkeepers gone, the glasses broken, the dancing girls far away, or dead, or worse. Before he reached the jail there was a patter of rain. If it had only been snow!

He hung the pallid holly wreath about Prue's picture and set in front of it the parcel that contained her gift, and leaned against it the plump letter that was to be his Christmas feast. Then he cooked himself a solitary dinner and tried to imagine himself at home with Prue and all the folks. His sad brain needed help for such a task. He turned to his demijohn, refilled in Yuma.

THE rain fell in torrents. Flashes of lightning filled the jail with flame and made the walls gleam and reel. The creek outside was tumultuous with noise, as if a mob were going by laughing and chattering.

He lighted candles, set one before Prue's picture and two others on a table, and settled down to read A Christmas Carol as a refuge. As he riffled the pages his eye was held by the little pencil marks that ticked occasional letters, punctuation marks, whole words. He had supposed that they were merely the idle scratches of an absorbed reader. Yet as he studied them now they seemed to have been chosen with care, with purpose. He jotted some of them down on a sheet of paper.

"Threem—ile supst—ink—in—gcr—eek."

That made no sense. Yet when he read the gibberish aloud, his ear caught something that sounded like "Stinking

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STOCKTON MULFORD

He fled, pausing only to look back and to fix the landmarks.

Creek." The winding stream piling down one of the cañons was called Stinking Creek.

Palsied with excitement, Titus went through the book and recorded every penciling. Finally he had this result beneath his eyes:

Three miles up Stinking Creek to the south branch; up that to the second fork; on the left two round mountains like a woman's bosom; climb between them about thirty paces to where you see a crag like an Indian's head; under his chin a flat rock; behind it a shaft; inside gold, gold, gold. M-e-r-l-

And there the bullet hole. Merle had concealed his wealth at the cost of his life. He must have felt the need of making some record of his find, and chosen the cipher as the one sure way of keeping his secret.

That allusion to "a woman's bosom," reminded Titus of Jake Hevlin's tormented allusion to the dying dancing girl's breasts. How strangely men yearn back to that first comfort of infancy, that dearest beauty of the beloved! Titus felt a stab in his own heart, remembering how he had laid his head above Prue's heart, wondering if a child of his would ever fasten there. To find gold was his only hope. He read the translated code again. The description fitted with his own find exactly. It confirmed his guess. He was rich. He and Prue were rich.

He must tell somebody. He tore open the jail door and ran into the storm to shout his message to the citizens. In his rain-smitten eyes the wind-swept shapes of rain and mist along the streets were people holding carnival. And the white water was a storm of snow. He shouted:

"'God rest you merry, gentlemen'—and gentlewomen, too! 'Let nothing you dismay'!"

And they seemed to reply, babbling and breaking into song. But the night revolted against their mirth. An explosion of white fire seemed to erase the town from Titus's blinded eyes; earthquaking thunder drove him into the shelter of the jail.

HE was so famished for communion with some speaking soul that he could not resist Prue's letter.

He snatched it, ripped it, bent to the candle to read. The very first paragraph gave him the priceless gift of laughter, for Prue said, of all things:

"The Christmas present I made for you is a pair of pyjamas—from some silk that Winnie gave me."

He howled at that. "Me in silk pyjamas! But why not? Ain't I going to be a millionaire? And a bridegroom?"

The jail reverberated with his words, as if some one else had spoken. He drank Prue's health hilariously, but his laughter died as he read on:

"Poor Winnie can't last long. The doctor says that if she lives till Christmas, it will be a miracle. It will be a happier Christmas for her if she doesn't. When the nurse was out of the room today she whispered to me to look in an old Bible she had on a shelf—the one she took her oath on. Inside it I found five one-hundred-dollar bills, and she made me put my ear to her lips, and she said: 'Prue, I spent my life away from my love. I saved that money to go to Merle as soon as Mr. Sloan set me free. But I'm going soon. And I won't need it now. You use it to take you out to your lonely boy. Go to him, Prue! Stay with him wherever he is. Promise me you'll take the first train. And, at that, I may be there before you.'

"I tried not to take the money, but she took on till I promised. So the day after Christmas I leave here. We'll spend this Christmas apart, but never another, my love. We'll be together on New Year's Day. Think of it! Think of it! Meet me at the train with a wedding ring. Please don't jilt me, my darling, my beloved, my husband-to-be next year and all the years."

Titus laughed till he cried and cried till he laughed. His loneliness grew more fierce. The jail was a prison, filled with the dark memory of Merle Torrey. Here he had spent his last hours, hated by the people who misunderstood. Against that wall some of the shots from the volleys that had riddled him were still embedded in the plaster. If the citizens had waited a few days they would have learned that he was innocent. He could have gone free. He could have returned to Bradbury, rich from his mine, paid his debts, cleansed his honor.

And yet he could not have reclaimed his love. She was owned by somebody else, the prisoner of her own honor. It was all too cruel to endure. And Titus's own presence here was no less unjust. His only companion was the demijohn. He turned to it for rescue from grief, bewilderment, and loneliness. It increased his bewilderment and did not deaden his woe. He turned at last to Dickens for comfort. A Christmas Carol sounded tempting, but the lines were blurred and the bullet hole danced. He drank to sharpen his eyes and fumbled at reading the lines aloud. The first sentence smote him with an uncanny coincidence:

"Marley was dead to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that—"

He drank to warm his chilled blood and found his befuddled eyes reading "Merle" for "Marley."

The bullet hole through every page made him shudder. Merle might have been reading the book when he was killed. In this very jail Merle had lived and died. Hevlin had seen his ghost here.

With trembling hand Titus tilted the demijohn and the tin cup rattled against his teeth as he emptied its burning into his ice-cold throat. He had failed in his mission, broken his pledge to Winnie. He had not yet seen Merle Torrey and unburdened his soul of the message Winnie had intrusted to him, and Winnie was dying, was dead already perhaps.

Since he could not go to Merle, why could not Merle come to him? He could. He would. He must. Casting his clouded eyes about the dim lantern-lighted, lantern-darkened jail where Merle had died, Titus searched for him, assured of his presence in the hollow tomb-like jail. He peered toward the wall where the far-off lightning crawled about the whitewashed stones. At last he was sure he saw, right there where Merle had died, a darker dark in the dark, a crouched and mournful creature wringing his hands, setting them here and there about his shattered breast as if to check the pain of many little wounds. There was a drip-drip of blood upon the floor and the choked breathing of one who fought death hard.

He had come back, as ghosts do, with some unearthly need for repeating over and over the ritual of their last anguishes.

Titus seemed to share that forlorn mood and he felt his own blood dripping from him in a lonely death. Some flare of comradery led him to lift a trembling hand and, while the liquor shuttled over the cup's brim, to give the lost soul what cheer he could in a wistful toast:

"I s'pose I'm jus' drunk, but you look to me like you were there. But, drunk or sober, if that's you, Merle Torrey, a Merry Christmas to you!"

"And a Merry Christmas to you, sir!"

Silent lightning from far away blinked and stared at the whitewashed wall as the vague figure lifted a wan face and raised a hand in salute.

Titus whispered tentatively, "Merle, is that—you?"

"Yes, Mr. Blake."

"You might call me Titus. It would seem more homelike, and I'm mighty lonesome tonight."

"So am I, Titus."

"God, but you must be! I got no right to be lonesome at all alongside what you got to endure."

"To every man his own woe is enough. I am sorry, sir, that you are far from your Prue—even though you are so much nearer than I am to my —to Mrs. Sloan."

"I'm not so sure of that, Merle. You may be much nearer than you think. But why are you here? Why aren't you with Winnie in her last hours?"

"I tried to speak to her; but she lives with another man—and their children. They shut me out. She shuts me out. Her love turned to hatred when I made my first great failure."

"That's not true! It's not her hatred. It's her honor that shuts you out. She gave her Bible oath to Adna Sloan that she'd never communicate with you as long as she lived."

With the impotent stubbornness of the dead, the ghost insisted:

"She had already given me her pledge that she would come to me the moment I was free and she was free."

"But if she hadn't married Sloan you wouldn't have been free! You'd have been a convict locked up in a cell. Can't you see that she gave up her own freedom to give you yours?"

This seemed to give the ghost pause.

"Why do you think that, sir?"

"Because she told me so. She cried her eyes out. She poured her heart out. She always loved you. She loves you still. She sent me to find you and tell you so."

"How long—how long it has been since that message could have healed my broken heart!"

"I know I'm too late. Yet isn't it a little help to know? Isn't it a little help? If life isn't just a little dear to you yet, why do you come back—to this place of all?"

"Because it is the hell of my despairs. Brooding on the bitter injustice of our fate is all the sweetness that existence holds for us who are neither quite alive nor quite dead."

Titus poured himself another drink and mumbled into the cup: "Those were Winnie's very words. She said them of herself. She said, 'I'm neither quite alive nor quite dead.' I heard her."

JUMBLEJEMS

MLPEU

The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 46.

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The ghost's words were thin with famine hunger:

"You think she loves me still, sir?"

"I know she loves you!" Titus cried. "She's dying of love for you."

At this word the cell rang with a laughter so wild that the boiling stream raging along the arroyo repeated it. Titus rebuked the ghost.

"How can you laugh when you hear of Winnie's suffering?"

He had to listen furiously to hear the answer above his own heartbeats.

"When one has died, Mr. Blake, death is a little thing. Seen from my side of the grave, death is a little thing. But if it brings my beloved nearer to me—if it ends her heartache, why shouldn't I laugh? I do laugh. I stretch out my arms to her. I pray for one last pang to set her free. To set me free! Oh, God, let her die! I know now that she wants to die! She is going to die! She is on her way to me. To me!"

The jail rocked with laughter and a lightning flash blazed through the bars and made the shadowless shadow dance on the wall while a huge thunder rolled down the Garbage Mountains with an enormous ha-ha-ha-ha! that died away in the cañon channel to a faint ha-ha-ha-ha! Titus cowered before it until it was hushed. Then he heard a voice crying from farther away, from outside the jail: "Winnie! Winnie! Come home!"

And with that there came a wall of water down the arroyo from some upper flood, calling with a liquid eagerness, "Merle! Merllle! Merrrllle!—"

TITUS guessed that Winnie must have sped across the continent at angel's speed from her deathbed. Outside he heard one shrieking "Winnie!" The next lightning showed no ghost against the wall.

Titus staggered to the door and flung it wide and shouted in the cavernous rain-riddled, lightning-streaked storm: "God bless you both! And good luck to you as you brought good luck to me and mine."

He would have sworn that two voices, a man's, a woman's, called back, "Merry Christmas, Titus, and a happy, happy New Year!"

He pushed the door shut and fell along the floor, face down. And the demijohn lay on its side with no message left to pour from its empty mouth. The next morning he dreamed of sleigh bells. Thunder pounding at his door woke him. It was old Hevlin. His burros stood about him nodding and clanking their bells.

Hevlin invited himself to breakfast.

"They'll be waffles when Prue gets here," Titus said.

"Haow?"

Titus did not attempt to explain. He did not dare let Hevlin see the silk pyjamas. Hevlin would never have understood the silk pyjamas. Titus was not sure that he understood anything himself, except that it was Christmas and his aching head was ringing with chimes.

THE END

CHAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCES CONTEST

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Shall I Divorce Him?

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"For a long time this magazine has given a vast amount of attention to these factors in health and personal well being to the end of teaching a better art of living and helping its readers to find fulfillment of life in a broad sense. It is a magazine of personal relationships devoted to the commonsense handling of everyday human problems. We do not pretend to solve your problems for you. We will only try to help you to analyze and see them more clearly, so that you may more successfully grapple with them yourself."—*Bernarr Macfadden.*

Contents of the December Issue

Editorial by Bernarr Macfadden—Building Honesty Patterns in Our Children *by Mary A. Boncquet*—My Adventures with a Bad Heart *by Russell Coryell*—And Now the Sun Shines Every Night *by David Arnold Balch*—Divorce, My Big Mistake, *Anonymous*—Care of the Eyes *by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane*—My Fifty Years of Physical Culture *by Bernarr Macfadden*—I Married a Younger Man, *Anonymous*—Arthritis, the Devil's Torment *by Charles A. Clinton, M.D.*—What Our Young People Think About Petting *by One of Them*—My Starved Womanhood, *Anonymous*—The Body Beautiful—Young Sandow's Own Story *by Adolph E. Nordquest*—Baby Pictorial—My Child Has Such a Temper—Have You A Truth Mirror *by Carol Cameron*—Body Building at the P. C. Convention *by Wainwright Evans*—How To Choose Your Exercises *by Samuel Edwin Olmstead*—The New Law Will Enforce Food Standards Says *T. Swann Harding*—Here's a Better Holiday Dinner *by Jane Randolph*—How Much Bran *by Milo Hastings* — Foods that Lengthen Life and many other helpful features and departments.

Physical Culture

The Personal Problem Magazine

DECEMBER ISSUE ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS, 15¢

Hell Dogs!

CAMPAIGNING WITH THE MADMAN OF MEXICO

Forced March on Columbus—The Madman's Stool Pigeons—Linked in the Chain of Distrust—Rifle Balls and Peach Blossoms

(Reading time: 21 minutes 35 seconds.)

OLD Tiburcio Maya, faithful unto death, had joined up with Pancho Villa as the leader of six valiant comrades, the Lions of San Pablo. In the first two installments of Hell Dogs! five of the six met death, leaving only Tiburcio, from whom his idol, Villa, as a battle was beginning, shied off, fearing smallpox contagion. Tiburcio, deeply hurt, left the army and went home to his farm. Two years later Villa, now victorious no longer but outlawed and desperate, came that way with his column and called upon Tiburcio to follow him. The old fellow pleaded that he must take care of his wife and little girl. Villa shot them both dead—whereupon the fanatically devoted Tiburcio actually joined up again, taking along his son, a mere child, to fight for Villa beside him.

PART THREE—OUTSIDE THE LAW

THE vanguard of the column stopped a rancher. He told them that a week before, trains of Carranzista soldiers had passed toward the northwest. One regiment had been left inside the big hacienda near by.

"And what did they do?" asked Villa.

"They only gathered all the pigs they could find and filled up a train with them and sent them to Chihuahua."

"Did they have locomotives?"

"In Bustillos, no. Who knows if in San Antonio?"

The chief thought for a minute. Before him the plain stretched out, covered with tall fodder grass. He could make out the main house of the hacienda, its long white walls throwing back the sun. He knew this hacienda well.

He could see horses close to the outbuildings. "If I round those up," he planned, "I can leave them without horses to follow me." But the horses were too close to the hacienda. Before he could get there the soldiers would be out to defend them.

It was the middle of the afternoon. It would be dangerous to venture out into the open. Wheeling his horse, he turned back into the ravine where his men waited. "Dismount!" he yelled. "Loosen the cinches, and try to get some sleep until it gets dark." He himself dismounted, then climbed halfway up the slope and sat down with his back against a vertical rock. From this spot he could look over the whole column. There was not a man or a horse that he could not see. He pulled his sombrero over his forehead and sat motionless. It was impossible to tell whether he slept.

By RAFAEL MUÑOZ

The rest threw themselves wearily on the ground. There was among them a certain Miguel Contreras whom Tiburcio had known. He came over to Tiburcio.

"He's not the same now," he said, jerking his head toward the rock. "He's more suspicious than ever since Gameros passed a law that whoever kills Pancho or hands him over alive gets fifty thousand pesos. He laughed at it but it burns him up. Outside of the *dorados* that are left, he doesn't trust a soul. Whoever cooks his food has to taste it before he'll touch it."

"I don't believe any one around here would want to kill him. They're all Villistas."

"They were—but not now. When he was winning, sure they were. But he had that fight with Carranza, and that defeat in Celaya, and bad luck in Sonora, and now every one says he's a bandit, and that we just go around stealing cattle. Sure we do. We have to eat. As for him, I tell you we never even know where he sleeps!"

"He goes away?"

"Every night. He takes a good look around the camp to see that nobody's missing, then disappears. Nobody

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

Celestino gave a coarse laugh. "You joined the Villistas, you'll die a Villista. Right, old man?"

can follow him because they'd get pumped full of lead."

Miguel went to unsaddle his horse. Tiburcio was left ruminating over the news. Fifty thousand pesos! Any one might get the idea of earning it. But that one of Pancho Villa's own men should betray him! He, Tiburcio himself, would he be capable of— Phew, what nonsense!

He got up and helped Contreras. "I, my word of honor," he said, "I would never be able to sell him."

The other looked at him steadily. "Look," he said. "Better not think about it at all. There won't be lacking somebody to tell him we've been talking about this—"

AROUND them nobody appeared to be paying attention. Most of the men, tired out, were sleeping like logs wherever they had thrown themselves. Only the sentinels posted at the entrance to the ravine kept alert as the sun went down. But above everything was Villa, leaning against his vertical rock, his sombrero pushed forward.

"Who knows if he's watching us?" Miguel said. "He'll have noticed that we were talking. Better lie down."

"You really think he noticed?"

Tiburcio slid down and pretended to sleep. Beside him the little boy snored.

"I bet you a fly couldn't move in this whole cañon without his seeing it. You'll see when we make an expedition. He takes his place at the tail of the outfit. Even then, every little while he dashes back over the road we've traveled to see if any one has dropped out.

"Once, when this madness first took him, we were coming back from Sonora, after everything had gone so badly. There weren't more than three hundred of us. Near Yepomera we were dragging along, worn out. We got to a steep place, all rocks, with a narrow trail just barely wide enough for a horse. He had told us not to get separated.

"Nobody said anything. There was a boy—I don't know when he joined us. He came into the worst of it, poor kid. His horse wasn't much good and he and the horse wore out at the same time.

"LITTLE by little the rest of us left him behind. He couldn't obey the order to go glued to the one in front. As we passed by him we looked in his face. You would have felt sorry for him too. He asked each one of us the same thing: 'Are we almost there?' We all went by, and he lagged behind.

"It had to happen. The Old One came up to him. He'd noticed that the boy was holding up the column. The boy never turned his head. Without knowing who was behind him, he said, 'Brother, have we much farther to go?'

"The Old One gave him the truth: 'Inside of two hours you'll be shooting if there are enemies in Yepomera.'

"'I can't do any more,' the boy said. He stopped his horse and slid down. The Old One kept his eyes on him.

"'You tired already, son?'

"'Yes, my chief. I think I'll stay here a minute. Later I'll catch up.'

"I don't know if the Old One took pity on him, or if he didn't want the boy to stay behind him. The fact is that he said, 'Poor boy, rest—rest in peace.' And then he sent a bullet through his head.

"Since then, any one who gets tired just stands it."

When night fell the column started on the march. The leader guided himself by a star that Villa pointed out. The others had to follow four abreast.

Word went down the column to break into a trot. Contreras had swung the boy up on the haunches of his horse. Tiburcio, having nothing to ride, was dog-trotting Indian fashion, determined to let no rider pass him.

They reached the railroad in an hour, and crossed it. The road had the feeling of danger. The enemy lay at each flank. About two hundred meters farther along, the square blackness of a house jumped at them—the station of Llano, darkly silent. Twenty men were detached to see if there was any one in it. They came back to say it was empty.

Tiburcio looked at the sky. Up there, nothing had changed. So he had seen the stars one night when he had stood in the doorway of his cabin mulling over the idea of going back to be one of Francisco Villa's soldiers. Behind him the children had been saying their prayers, and the woman had called him to bed. He could feel his wife tracing the cross with her fingers in the middle of

Men and animals became frantic. "Hurry! Hurry! Grab any beast you find!" They scattered, running.

her tired forehead while she finished her prayers: "And deliver us from all evil. Amen."

"Old man, you're slowing up."

In truth Contreras and the boy were far ahead of him. He lengthened his trot and caught up with them as the vanguard reached the edge of the lake. An hour later the column lay encamped in the Rubio Hacienda.

The next day Villa sent for Tiburcio and had him march by his side.

"Look, old man," he said. "I don't want you to turn against me for what I did yesterday. My word of honor, I only wanted to keep you from suffering the whole way. Right now you would be marching, thinking, 'My wife—my wife!' When we'd go into battle your knees would shake. I tell you from experience. I've left plenty of wives—I don't know for certain how many I've got—and always in the back of my mind I'm worried for fear the Carranzistas will take it out on them. You, you're easy in your mind now. You know they can't make your wife suffer."

TIBURCIO stared at him; was swept by an impulse to shove the gun in his face and fire.

"Just imagine," the voice went on, "that some day you shoot me through the head. You go back to your ranch. You won't find your wife, and then you'll say, 'What did I get for murdering my chief who loved me so much?' You'll begin to cry, and all the rest of your life you'll wish you had aimed somewhere else. And you'll say, 'It's my fault that the pueblo suffers because my general Villa was the only man who could have freed it—my poor general who was so good to us all—'"

There were tears in Villa's voice. He could always work himself up very easily. Tiburcio was the same kind of sentimentalist. Little by little he softened.

"No, *mi general*, I swear."

"Wait a little. Some day they'll tell you there are fifty thousand pesos waiting for the man who kills me or hands me over. It's true. They're offering it. But they won't even give it if the man brings my head as proof. Suppose you should bring it. They'd make up some lie that you'd killed some one else, and you'd get your medicine. And when they were going to kill you, you'd think, 'This is what I destroyed my general Villa for—and he was my friend and loved me like a brother—'"

Tiburcio couldn't stand any more. He grabbed the chief's leg, hugging it close to him and leaning his head against the thigh. Tears poured down his face, soaking the legging. He made promise after promise; he was faithful to his general; he had been waiting for him all this time. His boy, the kid that Miguel Contreras carried behind him—he had always taught him to be a Villista. He didn't want to live knowing that his chief didn't believe in him.

"It's all right, it's all right. I believe you. I'll give you a horse, and from now on you march in my escort."

WHEN they rested at midday Villa gave a mule to Tiburcio, saying, "Ride this until I can get you a good horse, one worth five hundred pesos."

He filled his cartridge belt, embraced him, and gave marching orders again.

Tiburcio adjusted himself on the mule and came up to Miguel Contreras. "Now let's have the kid," he said, swinging him over. Then he told Contreras, very happily, all that had happened between him and his general.

"That's what he tells every one," Miguel said. "All you need is to be linked in the chain tonight."

"What's that?"

"You'll see."

Contreras whipped up his horse and cantered away.

Tiburcio rode on with his son behind him. He was plunged in silence like the rest. The hush that held them all surprised him. Was it orders from the chief, or was there some other reason? They never relaxed. Heads were constantly turning from one side to the other.

He remembered three years ago when the whole section was Villista—earth and air, men and things. They galloped gayly, knowing that hacienda and pueblo held only friends, reënforcements, *compañeros*.

The faces around him had changed; had become grim, tragic. Looking at several men in the column with their furtive glances, their fear, he found himself asking: Are these soldiers, marching gladly to death for a cause, or are they—

Tiburcio stopped, horrified before the word. But in

the end his mind plunged to the very bottom of the precipice.

"We're bandits."

All? No! But there's a sign over all of them, a mark that makes them different from other men. Bodies for the noose. If they're captured they'll swing from a branch.

All? No! Why doubt that there were others like himself? In all justice, *they* couldn't be called bandits.

Well, then, why were they marching here?

In other days, when Villa held power in his hands, triumph, and money, he shared it all with them. Some received rank, others honor, others gold. Every one who followed him did well. There was plenty to go round.

Then he was beaten, fallen. He saw his own men desert, abandon him, turn on him, shoot at him. And he turned on them, punishing all who tried to push down his heavy fist. Hate, cruelty, revenge sprang from his bitterness with shameless intensity. When he touched, he killed; when he looked, he paralyzed. His hate had all the force that his division had had before. At the mention of his name whole cities hid behind their trenches. . . .

The Villistas were on the open plain. Snow fell. They were hungry. A train passed. They held it up, took the clothes off the passengers, swallowed a few mouthfuls, and fled.

Outside the law!

They came to a pueblo, asked for food, were denied, and took it by force.

Outside the law!

They passed a hacienda. Shots were fired from the walls. In reprisal they burned the place down.

Outside the law!

"Good. From now till we hang, our guns speak for us."

WHY flee? Why starve? If they went to the government and said, "We were wrong. We're ready to help you hunt him down now," they would be taken in, given money, turned loose to pursue him and trap him. Then the law would open like a door and they could pass through.

"That's all right. But we are loyal to Villa."

"He is the most terrible of all assassins," they said—those who for two years had grown rich on his triumphs. "He is the shame of Mexico, the scourge of the north, the vomit of the world. He defies the foreigners, keeps the country on the edge of an international war. Wherever he steps his footprints fill with blood!"

"That's all right. But we are loyal to Villa. We're ready to die for Francisco Villa."

The instinct of danger linked Tiburcio to the others; and he, who was not one, became a bandit.

The column camped in the Carmen Hacienda. Tiburcio was tethering the mule when one of the officers of the escort came up to him and said in a low voice:

"Listen, old man. You're going to be taken into the escort—chief's orders; but while we're reorganizing it here's a commission for you. There are a couple of fellows here we're not sure of—looks as though they're planning to desert. The general wants to give you a proof of his confidence. You stick to them and see that they don't get away. And don't let them out of your sight, because if one of them escapes—you know what the chief's like. God knows what he'd do—"

"Good. I'll watch them."

The officer made a sign to two men who came over, staring steadily at Tiburcio.

He understood that from this moment he was both prisoner and keeper. He did not doubt that his two *compañeros,* linked like himself in the chain, had received the same instructions: to watch, to watch. Contreras had not lied. He himself must be just as surely linked. With whom?

LATER, when he saw that the two had finished unsaddling, he went to them, saying, "We'll be traveling together. I'm Tiburcio Maya."

They looked steadily at him. One wore thick gold-rimmed glasses. His riding breeches were still good and his boots strong. The other was a dirty little rancher.

"Very pleased," said the one with glasses. "I'm Lieutenant Colonel Balboa, an old Federal officer, now a soldier. You see how luck changes. I joined the North Division to offer my services as engineer. Today the column has no use for a specialist in fortification, so I'm demoted—"

He stopped with an apprehensive look. Then he put a friendly arm on the other man's shoulder.

"Don't think I'm complaining, Celestino. On the contrary, I am honored to have this way of showing my respect for the Señor General Villa, whom I esteem just as highly as you do."

Celestino gave a coarse laugh, showing his teeth covered with green slime. "The hell you say! Like it or not, you'll stick it. You joined the Villistas, you'll die a Villista. Right, old man?"

"That's what we're here for."

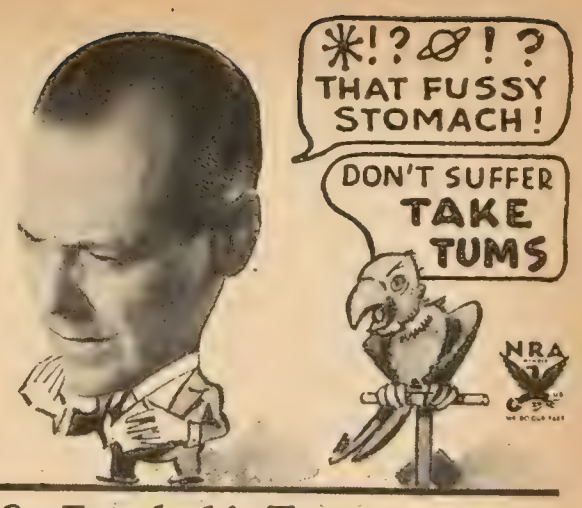
"Right you are. Now go water the horses. I'll be watching you from here."

The lieutenant colonel led the two horses down to the drinking troughs. There Tiburcio came up to him, waiting patiently for an opening in the crowd.

"Why do you let him order you around like that? Every one is supposed to look after his own horse."

"Don't shout, don't shout. You don't know what this is. It's not an army; it's hell. I know I can talk to you and you won't betray me—at least you're not rotten yet—"

He moved his head as though casually and made sure that Celestino was watching them. Pretending to fix the halter, he leaned over and went on bit by bit.



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(This Offer Expires Jan. 1, 1934)

"*He's a spy, see?*—Poor old horse, you're nothing but bones.—*He'll tell every word you say, and a lot that you never said.*—I must sew this stirrup.—*The fellow who was with us before you*— How much longer are you going to drink, you sardines? You trying to get fat on pure water?—*Well, the chief killed him.*—Shall I get some water? You draw yours, I'll get mine after."

"Why did he kill him?"

"Listen, you! How about letting these poor horses in to drink? *For a dirty lie,* señor, *nothing else. We were coming from Durango, and one night poor Macario said, 'This life—it's too much for me.' We went to sleep, and the next morning I saw him hanging.* Look out, fool, let me draw this bucket up!"

He never once looked at Tiburcio.

"*What do you think Celestino said to me,*" he whispered. '*Take a look,* pelon. *His tongue was so long it fell out of his mouth.' Who else could have told on him? So you take care, old man.* Here, give me a hand. Fill my canteen."

When night fell Celestino came up to Tiburcio.

"Listen, old man. Don't go hiding anything. What was Four-Eyes saying to you?"

"Oh, he was telling me that when he was a Federal he had a black horse."

Tiburcio took a few steps, disgusted at the idea of sleeping close to this man.

"Stop there. What did he say about me?"

"Not a word."

"What did he keep looking over at me for?"

"Go ask him."

"All right, all right. You watch him like an eagle. If that *pelon* gets away from us, you'll pay for it."

"Why me and not you?"

Celestino laughed his slimy green laugh.

"Listen. I'm as free as the air at Juárez."

"Then why me?"

"Just because. Because you two are planning to escape."

"That's a lie."

"Your grandmother!"

Tiburcio raised his fist but the other's hand was on his pistol.

"Calm down, old man, and don't go pulling my beard or you'll be sorry. Go on, get to bed. And don't forget with me it's quick and to the point."

The old man fumed. The snake! Who was he to treat them like dirt? Next day he would go and ask General Villa to rid him of this man. When did spying start in the North Division? With hard fists and clenched jaws he went over to his place on the veranda of the big house. A head was raised in the dark.

"Is that you, father? I thought I'd lost you."

"Yes, sonny. Go to sleep."

He stretched himself out between the boy and the ex-Federal. Celestino lay down on the other side.

Kicks and curses awoke them.

"Up, up, the monkeys are coming!"

The camp boiled with confusion.

"First regiment over here! Come on, boys! Quick!"

THERE was no light, no star in the sky. Men and animals became frantic in the thick hostile blackness.

"Hurry, hurry! Grab any beast you find—that's what they're all doing."

A shout rang out over the confusion: "Every one in front of the big poplars in five minutes!"

The mass scattered, running to the big trees. Last of all came Balboa and Celestino, Tiburcio and his son. At the first cry of danger the spy had clamped a powerful hand on each man's arm.

"Hey, you blind man!" he yelled at Balboa. "It looks to me like you gave the whistle for the monkeys to come! I'm going to tell that to the general!"

The old officer appeared not to hear. When they reached the poplars only a few men were left shouting orders.

"We are the last," said Celestino.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, *mi general,*" he answered, recognizing the voice and turning his head toward a man on horseback. This man was silhouetted against the trees with three men on each side. His head topped them all.

"Get going then—and no noise."

With a rhythmic gallop the troop unrolled itself to the north. Roosters from a near-by corral saluted the dawn. Behind, near the hacienda, shots sounded.

The plain was narrowing. The body of rebels thinned out; there were spaces between riders. Suddenly light exploded over them like gunpowder.

They marched all day. Sometimes when they came to a shady little wood Villa ordered a rest, twenty minutes, half an hour, then on again at full speed.

Hugging his father, the boy protested, "I'm tired, daddy," and the old man comforted him.

In the afternoon the chief ordered the column northwest, toward Santa Clara. They had to cross several mountain ranges. Horses stumbled frequently.

A large ravine opened its mouth. The men pushed into it, eager to relax.

"All right now, boys, you can walk your horses."

AT the end of the ravine stood a little ranch named El Piojo. There was a vegetable garden where two ancient crones were stretched on the grass. A single gay peach tree spread its branches, showering down rosy perfumed petals. The old women saw the column pass through its fragrant shade. Soon the column disappeared.

A man, a rebel, came galloping back to the ranch. At the same instant four groups of fourteen or fifteen mounted men appeared at the other end. They seemed to be following the footprints of the Villista cavalry. The rebel hesitated a moment. Then he galloped toward the vegetable garden. He had reached the women when the ranchers started shooting. Over his head the net of danger dropped and tightened. A ball crashed through the rosy peach tree, showering petals down. They were coming straight for the rebel, shooting steadily.

"Listen!" he yelled at them. "Cover this tree. There'll be frost tonight and I want to eat these peaches in September!"

Then he shot up the slope, followed by bullets, and was lost in the hills. It was Francisco Villa.

The rear guard rejoined the column carrying four dead. Balboa led a horse with a corpse swinging across it.

"They got him, *mi general,*" he said.

"Must have been his turn. Nobody dies a minute before."

Shallow graves were scooped out, and the troops were on their way. Tiburcio rode alongside Balboa.

"Listen, *pelon,*" he said. "Did you notice that the bullet got Celestino in the back of the neck?"

Balboa made no answer. He seemed to shudder.

At night snow fell suddenly. Later Balboa spoke. The two were doing sentry duty.

"I'll say this of Celestino: now that he's left behind, my spirit rises and expands. It's free and it rejoices. It was ground down by suspicion, by treason, by villainy. That's all over. See? One shot—"

"Sure. In the back of the neck."

The lieutenant colonel changed the subject.

"The general wants to attack the Americans. For him, the future is in the shadow. He can't see it, so he pays no attention to consequences. He doesn't reason. He thinks the future will end when he does."

"He's right. For us, exiled from humanity, what difference does the future make?" said Tiburcio.

Balboa agreed that the future didn't matter.

"Know what we're going to do, Tiburcio?"

"We're going to write a page in history."

"Sure. With bullets!"

The column arrived at Palomas on the sixth of March.

Farther to the north, across the international dividing line, the city of Columbus offered itself like a woman leaning out of her window.

The historic Columbus raid will be pictured with the vividness of lightning in Hell Dogs! next week.

ANSWER TO
JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 39

Plume

HAPPY DAYS

"ON TO PROSPERITY"—A NEW SLOGAN AND A NEW AIM, IN WHICH WOMEN CAN PLAY A BIG PART—A RECIPE FOR SPLIT-PEA SOUP

By

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

(Reading time: 4 minutes 41 seconds.)

THE slogan we often hear, "*Back* to Prosperity," seems to me to be an utter misconception of the tremendous evolution of American life today. We're *not* going back to the "good old days" of hit-and-miss prosperity. Our aim is "*On* to Prosperity"—a new type of prosperity which has as its aim permanent security to the greatest number of people.

This evolution, I believe, not only embraces a reorganization of business, but it is certain to reorganize our daily thoughts and actions.

President Ernest Martin Hopkins of Dartmouth College expressed this new conception of social-mindedness when he said, "Emphasis upon the formerly held tenets of personal rights and personal immunities must be subordinated to safeguarding principles deemed to affect the general welfare at large."

This means to me that we must think not only in individual terms of "How much money am I making?" or "How many rooms can I redecorate in my home this year?" but also in social terms such as, "Is every one employed in our community at a living wage?" and "Do all the children in our community have a chance to be well fed, well housed, and well educated?"

There are three major social and economic experiments being carried on in the world today: the Fascist, the Soviet, and our own.

I feel that the success of ours depends upon the ability of the majority of Americans to accept the social point of view as a step forward, and to adapt themselves willingly to a more unselfish type of living.

As a woman, I've quite naturally been thinking, "What can the women of America do to help and be a part of this experiment?"

The more I have thought over this question, the more strongly I believe that women have a profound responsibility in the new social order. It is true it is the men who have, for the most part, signed the codes, and they must regulate wages and general business conditions. But these codes are meaningless economically unless women realize that they hold in the palms of their hands the ultimate success of this experiment. For it is the women who buy the food, clothing, furniture, and all other family necessities of living.

I am told that automobile companies say that women are even responsible for the majority of sales of motors. The responsibility for the continuous flight of the Blue Eagle rests with the women.

Who takes the responsibility for seeing that the new generation has the social point of view of which we have been talking? Who is to educate the young people to the new ideals—ideals which make success in living not the accumulation of money but service to other human beings?

Creative Studios

Mothers and teachers must carry out this educational program.

The NRA codes aim to provide economic security and shorter working hours. How can the new leisure time be spent most advantageously and happily? Certainly not haphazardly! I believe that definite plans must be made for adult as well as child education—definite programs for community activities which will include sports, clubs for open-forum discussions, public health centers, greater libraries, theaters, lecture halls, centers for development of individual artistic and handicraft talents. It seems to me that the women's clubs of America are the logical groups to start the ball rolling toward this goal.

Does this picture of the new American life seem a visionary utopia? Of course it cannot be accomplished in a day or a year. If women are to assume the leadership in this new social order, the already established women's organizations may be the nucleus for planning and gathering in the great numbers of women who up to this time have confined their activities almost exclusively to their homes or to business.

So, to go back to our slogan, "On to Prosperity," along with the economic stability for which we are striving must go a nation-wide social consciousness which will make possible well rounded lives of work, pleasure, and intellectual growth.

Without the full and active participation of women, this new American life will not evolve.

LATELY I heard two of my young housekeeping friends ordering split-green-pea soup in a restaurant and exclaiming, "I can't make soup like this at home! I wish I knew the recipe." So I sent an S O S to Mrs. Nesbitt at the White House, and, sure enough, she had the recipe in her files.

SPLIT-PEA SOUP

6 slices of bacon
1 pound of split green peas
1 tablespoon of flour
1 onion
Salt and pepper

Soak the peas overnight in one quart of cold water. Set peas and water in which they have soaked on to boil. Cut bacon in small pieces and fry. Drain bacon on brown paper and add to soup. Pour off all but one tablespoon of bacon fat; work into this the flour and stir constantly until browned. Add diced onion and fry until it is transparent. Add cold water and stir until smooth and boiling. Add this mixture to the peas. Season. Simmer soup slowly for several hours. Water may be added as the soup boils down. The peas will cling to the sides of the pan. Scrape them down from time to time. The soup when done should be the consistency of thin cream soup.

This split-pea soup may be kept for several days, as it improves with mellowing.

Hearts and Swords

(Reading time: 22 minutes 10 seconds.)

PART XI—CONCLUSION

THE Count was telling Marc about Domenico's arrest. "The boy's poor mother is almost out of her mind, and Isotta is not much better. I boasted that I was ready without a tremor to surrender everything to this Republic. Do not suppose that I boasted of more than the event proved me able to perform. To save Venice I would have given son and daughter, life and wealth. But this— This is just waste and wanton immolation that was never in my reckoning." He sank his head to his hands. Then abruptly rousing himself, he looked up again. "Now that you are delivered, tell me in what I can serve you, if it is still in my power to serve any man. Now that we have reached the end, it will not be safe for you to linger in Venice."

Mechanically Marc-Antoine answered him: "It certainly will not if the French are coming. It will profit nobody that I end my days before a firing party."

"I heard this morning that there is an English squadron at Pola," said the count. "Admiral Correr is at San Giorgio in Alga, and a word from me would send you there in his fastest galley."

"Ah!" Marc-Antoine's glance brightened with inspiration.

He found himself a chair and begged the count to tell him briefly all that had happened in these last weeks.

At the end of a half hour the tale was told, and Marc-Antoine stood up again, now fully instructed.

"Amid this ruin," the count said, "I can at least thank God that my daughter is spared from marriage with a dishonoured scoundrel."

Marc-Antoine caught his breath. His eyes were suddenly alight, his countenance aglow. His voice vibrated deeply. "Then it may yet prove that my journey to Venice has not been entirely wasted. It may yet be that the salvation of your son shall follow. I may yet take him with me to those British ships at Pola."

The count stared in sudden fierceness. "Take Domenico? Are you mad?"

"Perhaps. But, unless I fail you, you shall have word of me very soon again."

"Fail? But what have you in mind?"

Marc-Antoine smiled into those tired eyes. "Suspend your despair until this time tomorrow, sir. If you have not heard from me by then, you may mourn me together with Domenico. That is all now."

Abruptly he departed.

Half an hour later Battista, the landlord of the Inn of the Swords, was gaping at the ill-kempt unshaven figure that stood before him asking for Philibert.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN FALTER
DECORATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

By

RAFAEL SABATINI

The Venetian Republic Falls, but Love Rises Triumphant, as This Great Story Ends

"Virgin Most Holy!" ejaculated the paunchy little man. "But it is our Englishman come back from the dead!"

"Not quite so far, Battista. Where is that rascal of mine, and where is my baggage?"

One and the other were produced. Philibert had remained in the employment of the inn. Marc-Antoine carried him off to his old rooms, which were standing vacant.

At the end of an hour he came forth again metamorphosed. Shaved and his hair carefully dressed, he had arrayed himself as nearly in the livery of Jacobinism as his wardrobe permitted. For weapons he put a pistol in each of the ample pockets of his full-skirted coat and tucked a cudgel under his arm.

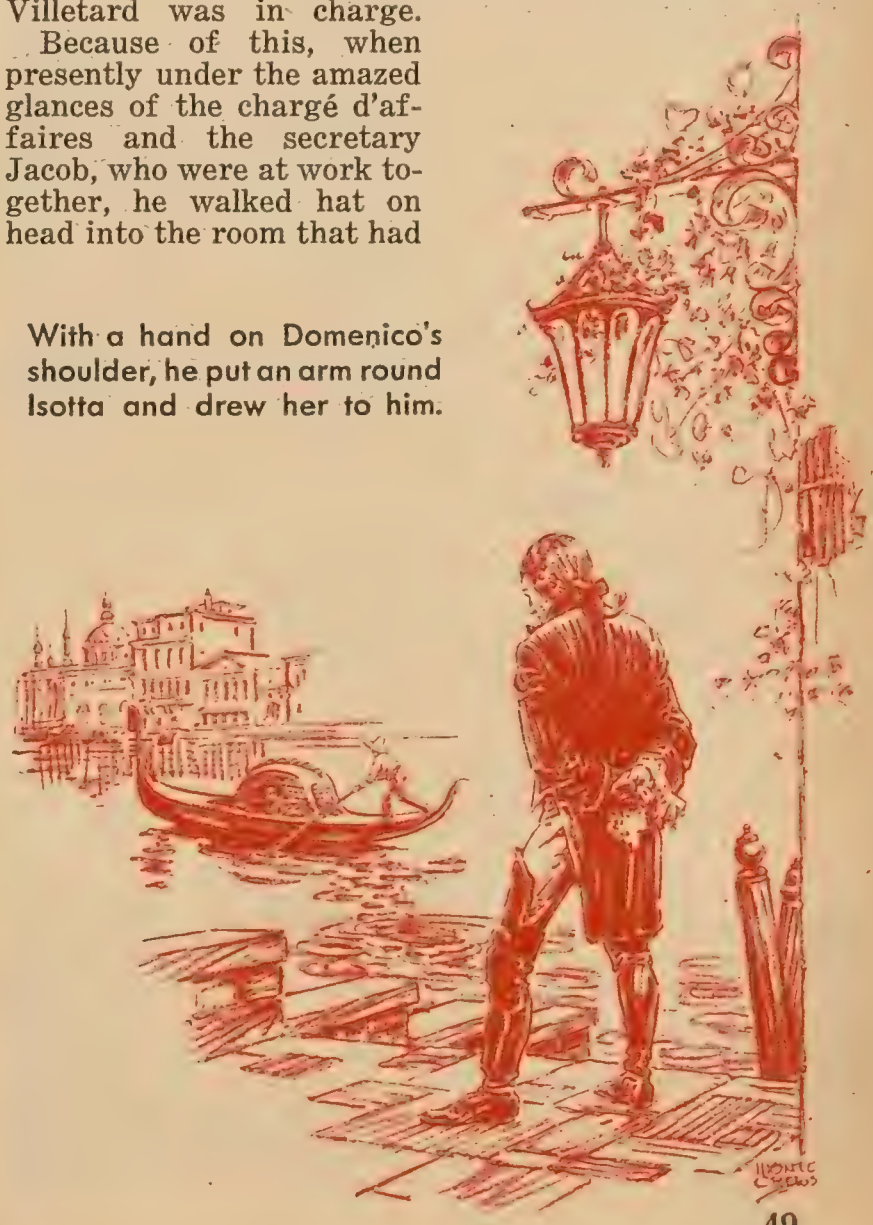
A gondola carried him through the night, wafted by the soft balmy air of early May, to the Corte del Cavallo and the French legation.

Chapter XXXIII—The Order of Release

THE doorkeeper of the della Vecchia Palace, whom Marc-Antoine's appearance startled, startled the visitor in return with the information that the Citizen Lallemant was no longer at the legation. Nor did he by any means recover his calm when he heard that the Citizen Villetard was in charge.

Because of this, when presently under the amazed glances of the chargé d'affaires and the secretary Jacob, who were at work together, he walked hat on head into the room that had

With a hand on Domenico's shoulder, he put an arm round Isotta and drew her to him.



been Lallemant's, his air carried all the truculence of the Jacobin in office.

Villetard sprang to his feet in amazement. "Lebel! Where the devil have you been these weeks?"

Coldly Marc looked his questioner up and down as if the question were presumptuous. "Where I was needed, of course," he answered dryly.

"Where you were needed! Don't you think you were needed here?" Villetard flung open a dispatch box and pulled out a sheaf of papers. "Look at these letters from the Directory for you, all awaiting your attention." He dropped the sheaf ill-humouredly on the table within Marc-Antoine's reach. "Will you explain yourself?"

"Explain myself? To whom are you speaking, Villetard?"

"A thousand devils! I know to whom I am speaking."

"I am glad to hear it. I was wondering if I should have to show you my papers so as to remind you that in Venice I am the plenipotentiary of the Directory of the French Republic."

Browbeaten, the browbeater changed his tone. "Name of a name, Lebel, what necessity is there for this?"

"That is what I have been wondering—why it should be necessary for me to remind you that I am here not to take orders but to give them. That is why I have come tonight."

Marc-Antoine took up one of the letters from the pile, broke the seal and spread the sheet. When he had read he commented:

"Barras is behind events. Here he urges me to do what is done already."

HE opened a second one and scanned it. "Always the same instructions. Faith! They must be tender in Paris of an adequate pretext for this declaration of war. We are becoming as mawkish as if we were under a theatrical régime of aristocrats."

Thus he ranted on whilst he opened the letters. Then with a snort of contempt he read out the sentence that had riveted his attention:

"General Bonaparte is prone to precipitate and high-handed action. In this matter of a casus belli you will see that his impatiences are restrained, and you will take care that there is no premature action. All must be done in correct form. To insure this you must at need exercise the authority which is vested in you."

Having read it, he folded that letter with the others and stuffed the bundle into an inner breast pocket. It was just as well that Villetard should not see that particular letter, for the passage that Marc-Antoine had read aloud had been considerably embellished by improvisations of his own.

"There is nothing in all that," he commented, "to justify your excitement at the delay in my receiving these dispatches." He looked across at Villetard and smiled sardonically. "You want to know where I have been, do you?"

Villetard, impressed by what he had heard even whilst scornful of some of it, made haste to assure him: "Oh, but as a matter of concern."

Marc-Antoine's manner diminished in arrogance to increase in sarcasm:

"As the plenipotentiary of the Directory I have been doing what you considered beneath the dignity of your office: discharging the functions of an agent provocateur. To be more precise, I have been with my friend Captain Pizzamano at the Fort of Sant' Andrea. Now perhaps you understand how it happens that one of these milksop Venetians had the temerity to fire upon a French warship."

Villetard leaned forward, round-eyed. "My God!" was all that he said.

"Yes, Villetard. I pulled the strings and the Pizzamano puppet danced, with the result that a perfectly justifiable state of war now exists."

"And you did that?" Villetard was lost in wonder.

"I did it. But I want no scapegoat for my action, Villetard."

"How?"

"I have interrupted other important work to come here tonight, to ask you what blockhead is guilty of ordering Pizzamano's arrest."

"Blockhead!" At last the sneer so habitual to it came back to Villetard's countenance. "Perhaps you'll choose some other term when I tell you that the order came from General Bonaparte."

BUT Marc-Antoine was not impressed. "A blockhead is a blockhead, whether he commands the Army of Italy or burns charcoal in a forest of the Ardennes. General Bonaparte has proved himself a great soldier—the greatest soldier in Europe today. But this is not a military matter; it is a political one. Politically the arrest of Captain Pizzamano is a blunder of the first magnitude. When I made him a hero I had no intention that he should in addition be made a martyr. It may lead to grave trouble here."

"Who cares?" said Villetard.

"Every man with the rudiments of intelligence. I happen to be one of them. And I have more than a suspicion that the members of the Directory will care. Care very much. It is foolish to precipitate trouble that can be avoided. Therefore, Villetard, you will oblige me by issuing at once an order for the release of Captain Pizzamano."

"Release Captain Pizzamano!" Villetard was scandalized. "Release that butcher of Frenchmen?"

Marc-Antoine waved a hand delicately contemptuous. "You may leave that cant for the official publications."

The chargé d'affaires stared harder than ever. At last he shrugged his shoulder and uttered a snort of laughter. "In that case, my faith, you had better issue the order yourself."

"I would have done so already if my signature would be recognized by the Venetian government. Unfortunately I am accredited only here at the legation."

"I daren't issue such an order! I should have to account to Bonaparte for it."

"If you don't issue it you will have to account to the Directory for disobedience to their plenipotentiary."

"It is useless. I will not do it. I tell you I dare not! Bonaparte is capable of having me shot."

"Will you forever cast your General Bonaparte in my teeth?" Marc-Antoine too stood up, impatient, angry. "Do you recognize in me the voice of the French government, or do you not?"

Out-hectored, Villetard was in despair. He clenched his hands, set his teeth, and at last discovered a way out. "Give it to me in writing, then!" he cried.

"In writing? The order? Why not? Citizen Jacob, be good enough to write for me." And he dictated: "In the name of the Directory of the French Republic, I require Charles Villetard, the French chargé d'affaires in

Venice, to issue at once an order to the Doge and Senate of the Most Serene Republic for the immediate and unconditional release of Captain Domenico Pizzamano, at present detained in the Fortress of San Michele on the island of Murano."

In a hand that much practice had made perfect Marc-Antoine scrawled at the foot of the sheet the signature and description: "Camille Lebel, Plenipotentiary Representative of the Directory of the French Republic, One and Indivisible."

He handed the document to Villetard.

Villetard scowled over it; he stood hesitant, pulling at his lip; finally he shrugged in ill-humored resignation.

"So be it," he said. "The responsibility is yours. I'll send the order to the Senate in the morning."

"You will deliver it to me now, as soon as it is written. I want Captain Pizzamano out of prison before it is even known that he has been put there."

Villetard flung himself down in his chair, took his pen, and rapidly wrote the order. He signed it and added the seal of the legation and handed it to Marc.

"I would not be in your shoes for an empire when the Little Corporal hears of this."

Chapter XXXIV—Discovery

THE little lady who called herself Vicomtesse de Saulx was restless and unhappy.

However vexatious to Villetard might have been the disappearance of Mr. Melville and the accumulation at the legation of unclaimed letters addressed to Camille Lebel by the Directory, to her the matter was a source of deepest anxiety.

It had become her daily habit to visit the legation in quest of news of the missing man. In the pursuit of this habit she came to Villetard on the morning after Marc-Antoine's visit.

The chargé d'affaires was alone at the time and considerably disgruntled. He was far from easy on the score of this Pizzamano business.

He was poring again over the covering note which Marc-Antoine had left with him, and wondering uncomfortably what Bonaparte would have to say about it, when the vicomtesse entered his room unannounced and flitted toward him with a mild "Good morning, Villetard."

He considered her almost malevolently. Growlingly he anticipated her daily question.

"You may take satisfaction in the fact that your Monsieur Melville has at last turned up again. It is more than I can say for myself. He has been in convalescence at the Casa Pizzamano."

This took a little of the joy out of the lady's countenance. Her brow was puckered in thought as she continued to lean on Villetard's shoulder. It was then that her idly straying eyes fell on the document lying before him on his table. The signature arrested her attention. She leaned over to get a better look.

"Camille Lebel is here in Venice!" she exclaimed.

That exclamation of surprise at once fired a train in the no less quick wits of the chargé d'affaires.

"You know Camille Lebel?" For all its interrogative note, it was an assertion by Villetard.

"Know him?" There was an unmistakable significance in her glance. A little smile, bitter-sweet, curled her lip. "Faith, I have some cause to know him, Villetard. It was he who made me Vicomtesse de Saulx."

She saw amazement change to horror in that pallid, sardonic, upturned face.

"And you ask me if he is in Venice? You ask me that? Name of God!"

HE was on his feet suddenly, thrusting away her arm, sending his chair crashing over behind him. "Then who in the devil's name is this scoundrel who impersonates him? Who is your Monsieur Melville?"

She shrank before the fury of his aspect. "Mr. Melville? Mr. Melville—Lebel! Are you mad, Villetard?"

"Mad!" he roared. "I think they must all have been

Isotta, with a laugh that was almost a sob, stepped straight into his arms and, frankly and openly, kissed him full on the lips.

mad here. What was that fool Lallemant doing, that he never suspected this? And—my God—what were you doing?"

"I? What had I to do with it? How was I to discover it? It was never whispered even that Melville called himself Lebel."

"No." Villetard remembered with what specious cunning that swindler—whoever he might be—had insisted upon the secrecy of his supposed identity. He curbed his anger before the urgent need to think. He stood still, his head in his hands, and fell to muttering.

He turned from her and strode for the door. She heard him on the landing outside bawling furiously for Jacob. He came back wild-eyed, leaving the door open. He waved her out.

"Away with you! Go! I have serious work to do."

She did not wait for a second bidding. She fled, calling herself a fool for having talked so incautiously. Villetard's first exclamation should have warned her.

Her mind was made up. She must warn Marc-Antoine. From the stormy scene with Villetard came recollection that the chargé d'affaires had said that during the time of his disappearance he had been at the Casa Pizzamano! If that was true, even if he were not there now, the Pizzamani would know where he might be reached.

At about the same moment that she was being handed aboard and bidding her gondolier to take her to San Daniele, Marc-Antoine was landing with Domenico on the steps of the Casa Pizzamano.

He had lost no time once the order of release was in his hands, for he realized the danger of delays. So as to be ready for action as soon as daylight came, he had wrested that same night from the Doge, in exchange for the note from the legation, the warrant that should open the door of Domenico's prison on Murano.

The news of the captain's home-coming ran through the palace like a fired powder train which increases in crackling vigour as it flares. Francesco Pizzamano with his countess and Isotta came to the two men where they stood waiting. The countess sped ahead of them, and father and sister yielded glad precedence to the mother, who in tears gathered to her bosom the son whom yesterday she had accounted doomed. She crooned over him as she had crooned over him when he was a babe, so that he was brought, himself, to the very brink of tears.

Tears were in the eyes of Isotta when she kissed him, and of her father, who took him to his heart. Then, that transport easing, all asked him at once by what miracle he was delivered.

"Behold the miracle worker!" he said, and so drew attention at last to Marc-Antoine.

THE count strode to Marc and embraced him. The countess, following, did the same. Last came Isotta, slim and straight, with very wistful eyes, to take his hand, hesitate a moment, and then set him trembling by a kiss upon his cheek.

Francesco Pizzamano dashed what remained of tears from his eyes. But his voice faltered and broke as he cried: "I possess nothing, sir, that is not yours for the asking!"

"He may take you at your word," said Domenico.

Marc-Antoine stood forward. "Lord count, this is less of a deliverance than an escape. Because an accident may at any moment discover the deception, Domenico should lose no time. The gondola that brought us from Murano will take him on to San Giorgio in Alga and the admiral, so that he may be conveyed to Trieste."

At this moment a lackey entered the room to announce to his mistress that Madame la Vicomtesse de Saulx was below asking to see Messer Melville immediately. Marc-Antoine begged leave to have her introduced, and in a complete and rather constrained silence they awaited her coming.

She entered breathlessly. She checked a moment within the threshold, her lovely anxious eyes questing this way and that until they rested on Marc-Antoine. Then, with a little gasp, she gathered up her flowered panniers and fluttered across to him.

"Marc! Oh, God be thanked!" She caught him by the arms in her excitement, disregarding utterly the other tenants of the room. "My dear, unwittingly I have done a dreadful, dreadful thing. It was an accident—a miserable accident—but I have let Villetard know that you are not Lebel."

Marc-Antoine caught her wrist. He spoke sharply in his alarm:

"What exactly have you told him?"

She explained it all: the document she had seen, and the manner in which the truth had been surprised from her.

"You must go, Marc. I don't know how. But go. Don't waste a moment!"

He had recovered and now preserved his momentarily shaken calm.

"We have a little time. Villetard must first procure an order from the Doge; then find men to execute it; and finally these must discover me. I told him that I was to be found at the Inn of the Swords. So that is where they will first seek me; and this must create delays. Without wasting time, then, we need not be precipitate."

"As to that, I only pay a debt. Now that I know who you are, I perceive what I owe you for having spared me."

SHE would have said much more had she obeyed her impulses. She would have put into words some of the tenderness that was in her eyes as they now regarded him. But the presence of those others, of whom she seemed at length to become aware, imposed restraint. He had not attempted to present her to them. Now that she became conscious of their presence, she perceived the omission and begged him to correct it.

"Ah, yes." There was an oddness in his manner. "Your pardon," he begged of them, and then to the vicomtesse: "By what name shall I present you to these good friends of mine?"

"By what name?" She was bewildered.

He smiled. "Just as you know that I am not Lebel, so I also know that you are not the Vicomtesse de Saulx."

The vicomtesse recoiled a pace, amazement and fear in her delicate countenance. Instinctively at once she became the secret agent, on her guard.

"And how long may you have been of that opinion?" she asked him.

"Of that conviction from the moment that I met you."

"I scarcely know how to set about dispelling so extravagant a delusion. I can only assert that I am certainly the widow of the Vicomte de Saulx."

"The widow?" interjected Count Pizzamano.

The interjection did not draw her glance. She kept her eyes on Marc-Antoine whilst answering: "He was guillotined at Tours in 'ninety-three."

Gently smiling, Marc-Antoine shook his head. "I have the best of reasons for knowing that that is not so."

Her fear deepened under his odd gaze, half humorous, half sad. But resolutely she stood her ground. She tossed her head a little. "Even if it were true that the Vicomte de Saulx was not guillotined, would that prove that he is not my husband?"

"Oh, no, madame."

He came forward. He took her hand, which in spite of her angry fear she relinquished to him, for there was

something compellingly gentle in his manner and pitiful in his eyes.

"What proves it is that if he had married any one half so charming, it is impossible that he could have forgotten it. And I can positively assure you that he has no recollection of the marriage. Can it be that, like you, he suffers from a bad memory? For you appear completely to have forgotten what he looks like."

There was a brief silence, then Marc said: "Come, madame. Let me reconduct you."

In the vestibule he addressed the liveried porter:

"The gondola of Madame the Vicomtesse de Saulx."

She looked up at him appealingly as she stood waiting at his side.

"Marc, what is it? You know that I do not understand."

"Understand this: that in me you have a friend who will always treasure the memory of the debt in which today you have placed him. We part here, Anne, and we may never meet again. But if ever I can serve you, send me word to Avonford in Wiltshire. I will write it for you."

He stepped into the porter's lodge, and on a sheet of paper supplied by the underporter he wrote rapidly in pencil. He handed her the sheet. At the sight of what he had written her face turned bloodless.

"This is impossible! You are mocking me. Why?"

"To what end should I mock you? I am Marc-Antoine de Saulx, my dear. I was not guillotined, and I never married."

"And in all these months—"

"It has been my privilege to observe my widow. A unique experience. Come, child, your gondola waits." He led her out to the marble steps. "Let us at least part friends, my vicomtesse."

As the gondola glided away he stood a moment looking after her.

Then it occurred to him that even now he did not know her name.

Chapter XXXV—Happiness

WHEN he came back to the salon, Isotta, with a laugh that was almost a sob, stepped straight into his arms and, frankly and openly, kissed him full on the lips.

"That is for the mercy that you practiced, Marc."

He kissed her in his turn. "And this is for the love I bear you. Each an earnest to the other of what must follow."

The count advanced, smiling through a natural impatience.

"Let it suffice for today if you are to make sure of the sequel," he said. "You have no time to lose, Marc."

Rapid steps approached the door. A lackey opened it, and Philibert precipitated himself into the room.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" He ran to Marc-Antoine. "Save yourself, monsieur! Monsieur the Major Sanfermo is at the Inn of the Swords with six men, waiting to arrest you."

"Then how did you get away?"

"He sent me, monsieur."

"Sent you?"

"To tell you that his orders are to seek you at the Inn of the Swords, and that if you should not be there he is to await your return. Faithful to those orders, he awaits your return."

"You see, Domenico. We had best be going."

"Where do we go, monsieur?" Philibert inquired.

"We? Do you come with me, then, Philibert?"

"Certainly, monsieur. Anywhere, if only you will abandon this habit of disappearing."

"Very well, my lad. It will be England, I think." He turned to Domenico. "I am in your hands now. You will have to be my sponsor to your friend the admiral. After that, if he will send us in a galley to this British squadron at Pola I'll be your sponsor there and carry you back with me to Avonford."

"It is more alluring than Vienna, if you can suffer me."

With a hand on Domenico's shoulder, he put an arm round Isotta and drew her to him.

"Suffer you! You are a hostage. To be redeemed by your parents when they come to exchange you for their daughter."

Domenico looked at his father. "I warned you, sir, that he might take you at your word when you told him that you possessed nothing that was not his for the asking!"

And then, in those breathless moments of farewell, Isotta made it abundantly plain that she had abandoned all notion of taking the veil.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 25

1—Protoplasm.
2—The Bible: I Corinthians 15:55.
3—Thomas De Quincey.
4—A dwarf nomadic people (cave dwellers) of South Africa, now almost extinct.
5—A coarse kind of sacking.
6—Smaller high tides than usual, occurring when the attractions of the sun and moon are at right angles to each other.
7—Henry Wheeler Shaw, an American humorist.
8—A bone in the upper part of the arm.
9—The science of earthquakes.
10—John C. Calhoun, under Andrew Jackson.
11—The Governor of Virginia, Sir Ralph Lane, through Sir Francis Drake.
12—A species of African antelope.
13—A tendency to profuse, often fatal bleeding from even the slightest wound or bruise.
14—A heat unit.
15—In geology, the wearing away of land by wind, water, and other agencies.
16—South America.
17—General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, in 1908.
18—The dried kernels of coconuts, from which oil is extracted.
19—The Earl of Bessborough.
20—Oahu.

Men prefer Raleigh plain. Women seem to favor the cork-tips: they don't stick to lips (or lift your lip rouge). Both versions of this out-of-the-ordinary cigarette cost but 15c. Save 50 of the coupons packed with Raleighs and get an initialed deck of Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards—FREE. 85 bring a bridge set of two decks. (Other premiums, too. Offer good only in U. S. A.)

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TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 min. 45 sec.)

BEHIND a huge desk heaped with letters, sits a virile man, nervous and ill at ease. His hands reach for things with a strange gesture of security. I watch him, deeply interested. I want to know what sort of person he is—this man who every week receives 10,000 letters from people in trouble—people seeking his aid, seeking his guidance.

You and I know him as the Voice of Experience. We hear him send out his advice over the radio to all who need it. I have been surprised by the amount of human wisdom he commands. I wanted to meet him, to find out the source from which his wisdom is derived—what emotional experiences formed it for him along the life road that he has traveled.

Here is his history:

A joyless childhood with parents well-meaning but fanatically determined to keep their son "pure." No playmates—other boys might corrupt him. Undeserved punishments to give him "humility." Extra-severe ones for the mere mention of sex. Private tutors. No school. At nineteen he left home to study medicine instead of the theology his parents insisted upon. Soon he dedicated his life to social service—the saving of "fallen" girls. Took up his medical work in the "ill-fame" streets of Seattle and San Francisco.

The Voice of Experience

Now, as radio's Voice of Experience, he answers the pleas for help from hundreds of unmarried girls, all desperately terrified for themselves and their unborn children. More than 500 were assisted last year.

"In the life of an average person," I asked, "what causes the direst family troubles?"

"Sex ignorance—incompatibility—selfishness," said the Voice of Experience.

"IF my husband called me *the little woman* I think I'd murder him."

A girl made this remark one afternoon at a bridge party. It started a rather interesting argument.

Some of us said we wouldn't care one way or another if our husbands called us *the little woman.* But most of the women present declared they would raise the roof. They said that particular term of endearment always made them mad clear through.

Our research into the whys and wherefores of this somewhat silly problem led us to consider the very small women of our acquaintance. Were they nice or not?

Thinking it over, we all found we could count a tiny woman or two among our closest and dearest friends. On the other hand, we all remembered at least one diminutive lady who stood out in our minds as a perfect little wretch.

Personally, I know three extra-small women whose hearts are as big as all outdoors. They bring kindness and happiness wherever they go.

I also know a wee female who smashed four families completely to smithereens with her ruthless conquest of other women's husbands. Reno should pay her a pension for life.

It depends entirely, I guess, on what kind of a *little woman* you are.

THIS issue of Liberty Magazine bears the date of Armistice Day—November 11. I want to tell you about a woman who played an obscure but important part in the World War.

Her name is Winifred Ray. She comes from Birmingham, England. She was the first to sing that war-winning song, It's a Long Way to Tipperary.

Tipperary was not a war song to begin with. Winifred Ray sang it first in 1912—two years before the war. She was an English vaudeville actress. She considered it a good number. She bought a share of its publication rights. That was a pure gamble on her part. She pushed the song.

Came the war. A Lancashire regiment went to France singing Tipperary. It caught on like wildfire. Within a few weeks Tipperary had become the fighting song of the British Empire.

It can still bring tears to the eyes, bring a thrill to the hearts of millions of men.

And a woman helped to start it. Don't forget that.

NOW the giraffe! He's the latest addition to our style zoo. Giraffe skin is the new Paris rage for belts, hand bags, revers on sport coats. I have even heard rumors about a vogue for giraffe-skin hats.

Mr. Giraffe wears a nice fawn pelt handsomely stenciled with brown.

The color of him is very becoming to blonde ladies, and brunettes too. But I imagine he'll be pretty expensive—for a while, anyway.

THE other evening our conversation turned to a mysterious subject that may, perhaps, be described as *dream foresight.* I'm sure that most of you have heard of it in one way or another. What happens is this:

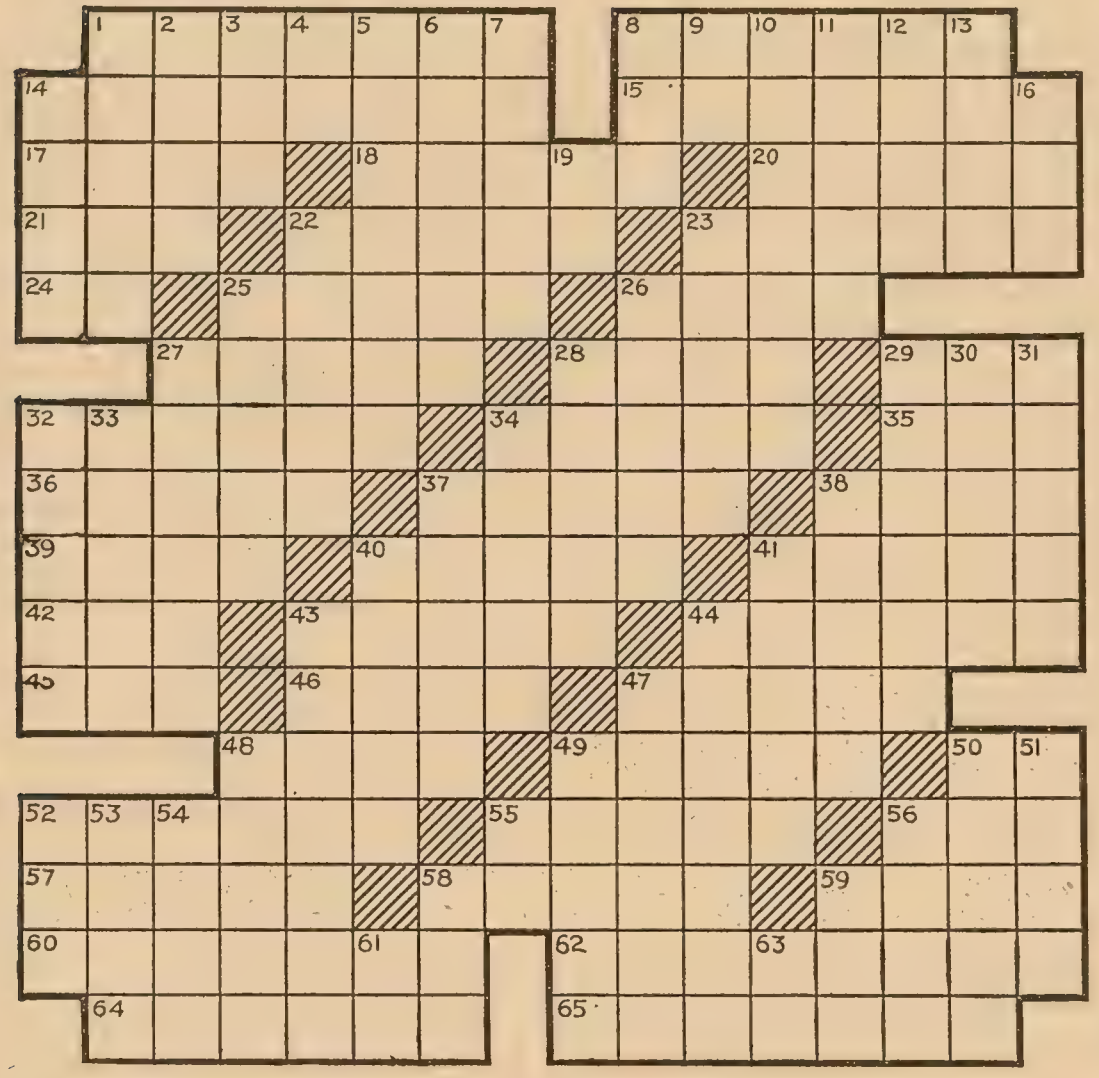
You dream of a place or person you never have seen. Sometime later you find that place or person in real life—exactly as in your dream.

A good many people do not believe such a thing can occur. I've never had the experience myself, so I can't say. But I know several women, and one man—all of truthful habit—who declare they have experienced it amazingly.

One woman dreamed of a friend's house in a distant city. She never had seen the house or any description of it. She went there to visit. Lo and behold, every detail of the house, inside and out, was identical with her dream. She says you could have knocked her over with a feather. Other cases of dream foresight were much the same.

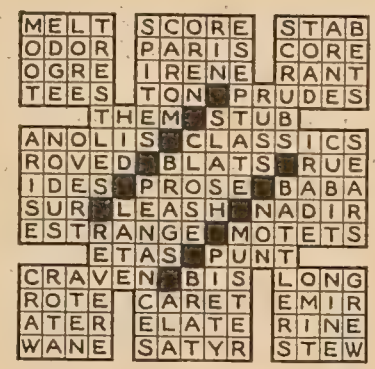
I haven't heard any scientific theory on this strange phenomenon. Whatever the cause may be, it's interesting, isn't it?

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Determines
8 Runs away
14 Lees
15 Of or pertaining to the side
17 In bed
18 Uncultivated
20 French historian
21 A trap
22 Biblical name
23 Food for animals
24 Near
25 An eel
26 Barriers
27 Makes a loud noise as if by striking
28 A size of type
29 Disfigure
32 A binary compound of boron
34 To represent as similar
35 Species of sorcery
36 Town in Maine
37 Intertwines
38 Stuff
39 A purplish red pigment
40 Manner
41 To talk to little purpose
42 Corroded
43 Division of mankind (plural)
44 Closed securely
45 A Japanese coin
46 Dash
47 Shaft of a feather
48 Elliptical
49 Interval between two or more objects
50 The symbol for an element



Answer to last week's puzzle

52 More courageous
55 To bring or fall into line
56 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
57 Lubricator
58 Deputy
59 A metal
60 Scanter
62 Those who lead from truth
64 Ethereal salts
65 Strengthening tissue in plants (variant)

VERTICAL

1 Charge
2 State of bliss
3 A Castilian epic poem
4 An assimilated form of in-
5 A character in Dickens's Tale of Two Cities
6 Injections
7 Wander
8 A projection from a house
9 Note of the scale
10 Stuffed backless seat
11 A fruit (plural)
12 Silkworm which feeds on castor-oil plants
13 Intoned
14 Ancient Scandinavian legend
16 Shelter
19 One indefinitely
22 A Japanese island
23 Stands opposite to
25 The Pine Tree State
26 Levees
27 In fragments
28 Ancient Italian god of agriculture
29 Mental state
30 Lessen
31 Congealed into frost
32 A missile weapon
33 Declaim
34 Loaded
37 Relating to place
38 Thin, crimped stuff
40 Of the cheek
41 Tranquillity
43 The opposite
44 To partition
47 Musical instrument
48 Manifest
49 A vehicle (plural)
50 Tempest
51 Age (plural)
52 Genus of quadrupeds
53 Mature
54 Exclamation
55 Silver (symbol)
56 Combining form: mountain
58 Measure of area (plural)
59 A fish
61 Adjective suffix
63 Chaldean city

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VOX POP

WELL, ANYWAY, ZAK WAS THERE

YUBA CITY, CALIF.—Miss McCormic, in her article in October 7 Liberty about her husband and the other Mdivani brothers, mentions that their father was aide-de-camp to the Czar.

The picture of the Czar with a group of officers, accompanying this article, seems to refute this statement. Prince Zakhary Mdivani does not wear the distinguishing insignia of an aide-de-camp.

Also, there are no officers in the picture who resemble any of the Grand Dukes of Russia.

And furthermore, no Russian officer, titled or not, was ever exempted from saluting the Czar.—*Boris Stephanovich.*

DETROIT, MICH.—I certainly got a kick out of Mary McCormic's article on her dear prince. How any American girl could fall for that racket, which has been in evidence for years, is a mystery to me. Parents paying out thousands of dollars in advance to buy a title, besides throwing in for good measure the prostrate form of their daughter, is just about the quintessence of serfdom.—*L. W. Wagner.*

WE MIGHT SEND OVER A COLLECTOR TO WORK ON COMMISSION

DENVER, COLO.—The article Why the War Debts Must Be Paid, by Senator Robinson, in September 23 Liberty, was read with interest, and while he makes a number of interesting statements he suggests no means of enforcing collection.

Whether the money came from the United States Treasury or from the people's pockets should make no difference, as in either case it belonged to the people. If such be the case, what right had Congress to loan it to any one? After loaning the money, what right had Congress to cancel any portion of the debt?

Senator Robinson might introduce a bill in the next session of Congress which would cancel all Liberty and Victory Loan bonds in order that we may ascertain just how sincere the cancellationists really are.—*Paul H. Koehler.*

TAKE THEM OUT TO THE NEWS STAND WITH YOI

ALBANY, N. Y.—Can't you help a fellow? Every Wednesday noon when I get my copy of Liberty, I have to fight off shoulder readers.

I work in a drafting room with a gang of draftsmen, and if you won't supply a convertible awning with Liberty I'll have to build a fence around my desk.—*Fred L. Hallenbeck.*

THEY'VE GOTTA DINE 'EM AND WINE 'EM

DETROIT, MICH.—Jay Franklin seems all wet in his recommendations that the State Department enter into a money-spending contest with foreign nations on our diplomatic service.

If, as he says in Liberty of October 14, a British ambassador is allowed $200,000 over and above his personal expenses, it must be for but one thing—to entertain and otherwise jolly along officials in order to obtain from them concessions he cannot get on the plain merits of the request.

And the same applies to American diplomats abroad. There is no reason, for instance, why the American ambassador in London should not be able to live on $17,500 a year.

If he cannot obtain from the British government by fair argument anything to which the United States is justly entitled, then there must be something wrong either with his ability to present the case or with the British government.—*Samuel Danziger.*

JUST COVERING THE WATER FRONT

MARION, IND.—In Liberty's Twenty Questions for October 14 you say that Florida has the longest coast line of any of the states. I think you will find that Michigan has more miles of coast line than any other state in the Union.—*Fred Miller.*

[According to the Encyclopædia Britannica, Florida has the longest coast line of any state—472 miles on the Atlantic and 674 on the Gulf coast. With the indentations Florida is credited with 3,751 miles of coast line, with Michigan showing about 1,600 miles of lake front.—THE EDITOR.]

HUSH! YOU'RE BREAKING OUR CONTEST EDITOR'S HEART

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Instead of wasting money on prize contests, why not use that money to improve Liberty by printing more stories and articles?

After all, only a small proportion of your readers compete in contests, whereas by following this suggestion all your readers would benefit.—*Disgusted.*

THERE WERE LOTS OF LETTERS; WE DIDN'T HAVE ROOM TO PRINT THEM ALL

PENACOOK, N. H.—I am at a loss to understand the seeming lack of interest among American citizens in regard to the four articles on the activities of Communists in the United States which were published last summer in Liberty under the caption The Web of the Red Spider.

I note that only two have written to commend these articles.

The facts presented in those four articles should have caused Americans to wake up. Especially so when the Communists are directing so much of their program to the youth of America.—*Holmes Moore.*

HATCHED OR LAYED?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I suggest that you start a contest for a small prize for the best answer to the ancient problem as to which came first, the chicken or the egg.—*Edith Sargent.*

THE FIVE TOWNS

DETROIT, MICH.—In the answers to Twenty Questions in Liberty for October 7 you say that Arnold Bennett's towns were Newcastle, Stoke, Langton, Burslem, and Tunstall. This is correct except that the third place mentioned is Longton, not Langton. I may note that these towns are in the pottery district, which produced and still does the famous Staffordshire earthenware. Josiah Wedgwood was one of the foremost potters who made this district famous.—*Sam Salisbury.*

[Our correspondent is right on the spelling of Longton. Josiah Wedgwood, the famous maker of pottery, served his apprenticeship at Fenton and opened his first pottery at Burslem, later building a large factory at Etruria. All the towns are closely grouped in this "five towns" district. The Newcastle mentioned should not be confused with Newcastle-on-Tyne, which is the famous coal center much farther north than the pottery district.—THE EDITOR.]

A MIRACLE, NOTHING LESS

BOISE, IDAHO—I notice that a Vox Popper in California and one in Florida agree on one thing: Viña Delmar's Pretty Sadie McKee was a good girl.—*N. M. Whitney.*

SHE MUST BE A VERY SWELL GAL INDEED

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Like all self-respecting crabs of the first magnitude, I'm going to tell you what to publish to improve your magazine. Nothing less than a biography (no, an autobiography) of Jessica Dragonette. She's the only singer on the radio who is worth listening to, and she's a better entertainer than the whole of Hollywood. To add a fine finishing touch, include a full-page picture or, better still, a cover design of Miss Dragonette.—*Ralph E. Juniper.*

THEY SEEM TO THINK IT'S A PLEASURE

WESTERVILLE, OHIO—America is not bankrupt—only hungry. Her crops are bountiful, her mines are rich, her natural resources still exist in abundance. Patience, courage, heroic endeavor, unselfish service, and devotion to moral principles would solve our problems and put us on firmer ground than ever. Instead we are ruthlessly throwing away our advantages and the gains of a hundred years' war against the liquor traffic. Our common people are voting upon themselves the task of buying and drinking enough liquor to lighten the tax load of the rich.—*R. I. Grindell.*

NOT WHANG BUT WHAM!

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—That fellow Revere F. Wistehuff, who takes credit for designing Liberty's front-page cover of October 14, must be a whang or he would have included the pennant of at least one Southern college in his drawing.

There are football teams of Yale, Harvard, Navy, N. Y. U., and California which can certify we Southerners play some ball. Several Southern colleges have their gym walls decorated with scalps of California football stars. Were they not so thin we could have them tanned and made into novelties, alligator skins being scarce in Florida.—*C. W. Hendley.*

LONGER AND UGLIER WORDS

BATON ROUGE, LA.—The answer to your question "What is the longest word to be found in the English dictionary?" in your September 30 issue should be antidisestablishmentarianism. This has one more letter than honorificabilitudinitatibus. It is also decidedly a better English word.—*Charles H. Charlton, Jr.*

[Our Vox Poppers have shown considerable interest in this question of the longest word in the dictionary. No dictionary carries every possible variation of every word. Funk and Wagnalls' New Standard Dictionary carries honorificabilitudinity, with the notation: "Frequently cited as the longest word in English literature." On the other hand, by adding adjectival or adverbial endings it is possible to get some extremely long words which still carry a definite meaning. For instance, antidisestablishmentarianistically unraveled would mean in the manner of one opposed to disestablishment of the Church of England. This built-up word has thirty-four letters. It is not in any dictionary, however.—THE EDITOR.]

YOU TRY IT; IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE MUCH FUN TO US

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The illustrator of The Mystery of the Green Bicycle in September 23 Liberty erred in details. For instance:

When riding a bicycle for either sex, the feet must necessarily be on the pedals, and therefore if one were to fall off while unconscious, the wheel would naturally fall *with the seat in the direction of the body.* Try it and see.—*William McKigney.*

TAKE A LOOK AT OUR CIRCULATION

COLUMBIA, S. C.—I am a student of psychology, and have been wondering what the public reaction would be if some enterprising publishing concern should undertake to publish a real five-cent magazine.—*Horace Descartes Westbrooke.*

SOUNDS LIKE THE SMALL MAN'S UTOPIA

VICKSBURG, MISS.—More than a million merchants in the United States would be benefited by a single-tariff freight rate if the Interstate Commerce Commission would put it into effect. The commission could set a single-tariff freight rate to yield an amount equal to the present rates, but the standard rate would equalize competition in business, increase the buying power of merchants, and reduce forced overpurchasing and waste.

Expansion of credit to aid revival can only come when we have perfected a plan to equalize costs and the smaller merchants of the country are placed in a position to buy and make a profit, on goods they handle.—*J. F. Haid.*

GETTING PLENTY OF KICK IS THE BEST THING WE DO

TIMMINS, ONT.—The wide variety of stories with plenty of "kick" in them makes Liberty the widest read magazine in Canada. Keep up the good work!—*Moe Shragge and Maurice Fishman.*

IT IS SAVING ITS FACE

HOUSTON, TEX.—What a queer animal it is that writes the captions to our Vox Pop letters!

Couldn't you publish a picture of it?—*Gus O. Schulenburg.*

YOU CAN SATISFY SOME OF THE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—It seems you encounter some difficulty in satisfying all of your readers. You know that even though a thing is good some people wouldn't like it. There will always remain a few readers who do not like Liberty because their minds are so undeveloped they cannot get as much kick out of a serious article as they can out of a dime novel.—*W. G. Barrar, Jr.*

BROTHERLY LOVE IN THE SERVICES

UPPER DARBY, PA.—In answer to D. L. A., Marine Detachment, Peiping, China, in your issue of October 7, let me say he must be a "boat" leatherneck. An old-timer wouldn't lay himself open to ridicule so easily. He intimates: "Ten thousand gobs laid down their swabs to lick one sick marine." Why, one marine and ten thousand more sissies couldn't lick a postage stamp. All I ever saw them lick was the mustard off a hot dog.—*A "Shellback."*

WHAT DIFFERENCE WOULD IT HAVE MADE?

FORT SMITH, ARK.—Historians tell us that Patrick Henry once said, "Give me Liberty, or give me death!" It's a good thing that this rotten magazine was not published at that time or he would have turned that sentence around.—*Joseph Ellsworth, M. D.*

NO, HE'S GONE INTO THE CRYING-TOWEL BUSINESS

CAMPBELL, CALIF.—Running through my files of Liberty the other day I came upon a Vox Pop in October 1, 1932, showing a picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt walking a tight wire from Albany to Washington. The writer of the accompanying letter said: "That misguided fifth cousin of the great T. R. honestly and innocently believes that something, or somebody, is going to hand him the White House, and all that it stands for, on a silver platter." And he signed himself: "A Republican Who Sees the Joke."

I just write to express the hope that he hasn't laughed himself to death or anything tragic like that.—*A Democrat Who Laughs Last.*

SO HAVE WE

FORDHAM, N. Y. C.—I have often marveled at the different opinions expressed by different readers and wondered what kind of a magazine they could offer the public if edited according to their lights. —*J. A. Eugene Ullmicher.*

FIND THE FALLACY IN THIS PROPOSITION

LINCOLN, NEB.—I propose the following:

1. Buy American-mined silver at fifty cents per ounce. Place the silver purchased with the Federal Reserve Bank and issue for each fifty-cent purchase one Federal Reserve Bank silver dollar certificate.

2. Buy with these silver certificates real estate, city, farm- and home-loan mortgages and bonds from the *owners of same.* This will create again a crop of buyers.

3. Amortize these mortgages and bonds for the people against whom they have been issued.

4. Put these amortized mortgages and bonds up with the Federal Reserve Bank in addition to the silver purchase. The silver will soon go to a dollar an ounce, and the amortized mortgages and bonds will be worth 100 per cent. Thus a Federal Reserve Bank silver dollar certificate will be backed by 200 per cent first-class security.

5. Pay Soldiers' bonus and government bonds with these Federal Reserve silver dollar certificates, thereby reducing the government debt and balancing our budget.—*Harry W. Lansing.*

WANTED: A CODE FOR POOR FISH

OLYMPIA, WASH.—Help—help! Page General Johnson. Something's got to be done about this. Here I've been working no telling how many hours on your dern contests and never get a cent for it. Overworked and underpaid. A code should be promulgated for us poor fish!—*C. W. Geiger.*

THE LADIES OUGHT TO KNOW, OLD-TIMER

SANTA ANA, CALIF.—Lost illusions have caused lost thrones. When man banished the fairy nobility their mortal contemporaries were not long in following. There are those of us who have long since lost our Santa Claus illusion but—we still like the idea.

With all due respect to Princess Kropotkin and Fanny Brice, in Liberty for October 7, it is our humble opinion that moons, Junes, flowers, and birds (including nightingales) will be in the lovers' vocabulary for a long time to come. Obviously the apple trees must have blossomed in Eden.—*Just an Old Trouper.*

THAT'S WHERE WE FOOLED YOU

CALGARY, ALTA.—Who makes your cross word puzzles? Fourteen horizontal, September 30; word is Ariel, a spirit in Shakespeare's The Tempest, not one of the seraphim in Milton's Paradise Lost, as you have it. For your information, that was Abdiel.—*F. McGill Johnson.*

[Our good puzzle solver himself is slightly in error. Our fourteen horizontal read: "One of the rebel angels in Paradise Lost." Ariel was one of the rebel angels in that poem. Shakespeare also used the name for the spirit in The Tempest. Abdiel, the name meaning "servant of God" in Hebrew, was the only seraph who remained loyal when Satan stirred up the angels to revolt.—THE EDITOR.]

BIG HEART, SMALL HEAD

CERES, CALIF.—In answer to the letter of Frances M. Greening, Vox Pop, October 14, 1933. The key to Sadie McKee: Sadie was a remarkable character analysis of a girl whose brains are embedded in her emotions. The author was portraying a character, not her own grasp of the English dictionary.

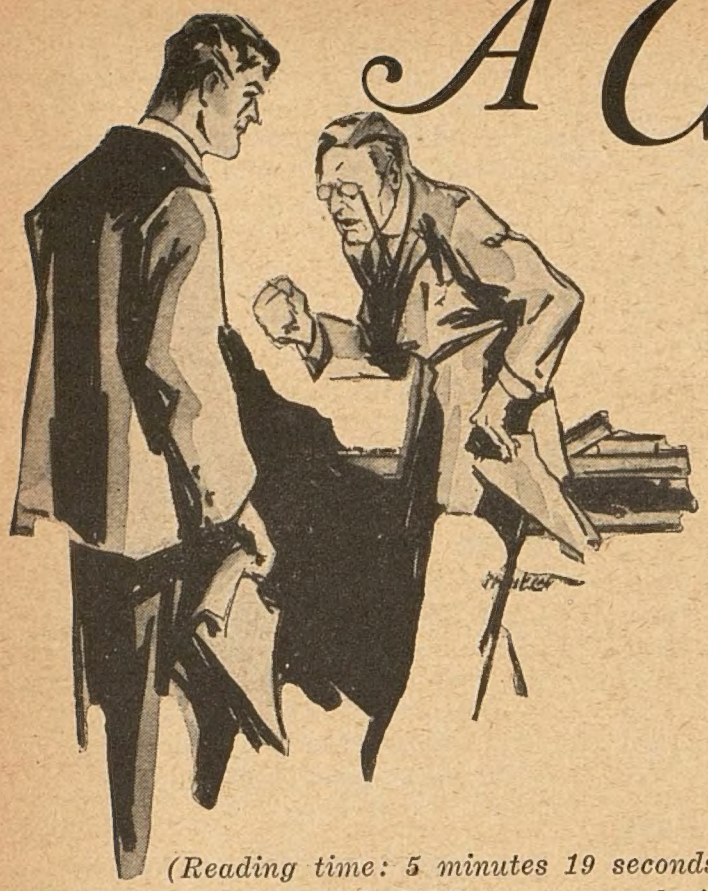
Sadie was swamped in her love for the "messer around." A goodly part of the population of the world is made up of just her sort: those who live by the heart or feeling and not by the head.

And if any one is deluded enough to think it easy to write a story like that (without big words), try and write one! —*A Struggling Author.*

A Career is Made

A SHORT SHORT STORY

by MICHEL KRAIKE



(Reading time: 5 minutes 19 seconds.)

STAN LAPCOZSOGSKI'S career was decided for him one October day in English 4 at high school. A big, awkward, hulking fellow with the sloping shoulders of an Atlas and a skin the color of Golden Bantam corn, he had arisen to read an elective thesis on How I Am Planning My Future. His shaggy head hung in abashment over the sheets in his red hands. His essay had sounded painfully garbled to me. It was all about electrical engineering—never mind the details.

Our English instructor, Mr. Folwell, was an objective patriot by nature (his stirring appeals had caused a battalion of youths from the high schools of New York to enlist in the last war).

"Have you ever played football, Mr. Lapcozsogski?" Mr. Folwell asked him, securing his pince-nez to his sharp thin nose.

Stan shook his head, a sheepish child's smile softening the bony contours of his face.

"Well, you should. I see no reason why a great big chap like you stays off the team. Where's your school spirit? Coach Briggs needs material. I request you to go out for the team, sir. Progress High School must win the championship this year!"

Well, we cheered! But Lapcozsogski, after a moment of muteness, stammered:

"But—can't, Mr. Folwell—work after school—"

"Can't!" our instructor snapped metallically. "Strike that word out of your vocabulary, sir, if you would succeed in life. Where there's a will there's a way."

At the close of the hour the fellows grouped around Stan at the door, encouraging and advising him.

"Folly'll flunk you if you don't try for the team."

"Make the team and your diploma's signed."

"What a guard he'd make! Wonder why he never played before."

Lapcozsogski, towering above them, turned his head from side to side like a dumb beast shying back from an abyss.

Just a few years later the name of Stan Lapcozsogski, though a jawbreaker, was on the lips of the nation. His exploits on the gridiron were being broadcast. He was certain to be the All-America fullback.

I was now rather proud of our intimacy. It had made me prominent in our sophomore class. I did not mind spending hours tutoring him for exams; although he hated cramming—he was too deeply concerned with his future to be satisfied with this haphazard mode of study and favored marks.

Toward the close of the football season Stan had come into my room one evening. Flopping into a chair at the table, he flung his long arms across its surface and drooped his head between them. When he looked up I noticed that his eyes were bloodshot.

"German?" I proposed, to say something.

"I'm quitting the team," he said abruptly. "I've had enough! I want to be an electrical engineer some day, know that?" He laughed bitterly. "Well, none of my profs do. The cheer leaders don't. The coach doesn't! I've been bribed. They pay my tuition, my board and lodging, give me an easy job so I can support mom and the kid brother—all that for driving a lopsided ball across a goal line. I want to be an electrical engineer. That's all I've ever dreamed of. Mamma made sacrifices to send me to school, because she knew I had ambitions."

He strode across the floor to the window, and stood staring down into the darkened campus.

"What have I gotten out of my two years here? I cut most of my classes. I never look into a book—I can't: I'm too damn' tired after a hard day's practice. I'm quitting football. I wasn't born to be a performing clown!"

Stunned at this outburst from the usually inarticulate Stan, I stammered, "But, Stan—hold off till after Saturday—there's just this last game to play."

He came over and clutched my shoulders.

"If I were to hold off even one minute I would betray my ambitions forever. It may be too late now," he concluded hoarsely.

Then he left me alone.

The next day he resigned from the team. As he gave no reason, he was promptly accused of having a yellow streak. The newspapers made an issue of Stan Lapcozsogski's retirement.

In the furor Stan's single explanatory statement, made to the School Board—"I've got studying to do"—was lost, overlooked, or deliberately ignored.

Before the end of the year Stan had left college. He had to, for he was hounded by his instructors, and he had to earn something to keep his mother and kid brother.

A COUPLE of weeks ago I took the wife to a professional football game at one of the ball parks. Glancing over my program I found that No. 22 was Stan Lapcozsogski. It took me a full minute to realize why the name was familiar. At the end of the game I asked my wife to wait while I barged into the dressing room of the home team under the grandstand. As Stan shuffled out of the shower room I stopped him. He stared hard, then dropped his towel and pumped my hands.

Waiving formalities—for he must have seen the question in my eyes—

"What could I do?" he said. "There wasn't a college in the country where I could have studied in peace after I quit the team. What's more, I wasn't prepared to pass an entrance exam in any tech school. Since I've still got to support mom and the kid, I'm doing the only thing I know how—playing football." He bent down to pick up his rubbing towel, and contemplatively wrapping it round his hard middle, added with a wistful smile, "That's the only thing I can thank my schooling for."

We chatted a few minutes longer, until his trainer thumbed him to the massage table. As we shook hands, however, his blue eyes sparkled mistily, and he said:

"But, say, the kid brother's entering Cornell next semester. As long as I can get my seventy-five a game I'll keep him there."

"Well, I hope he won't go in for football," I returned cheerily.

"Can't." Stan grinned all over his homely face. "The kid's lame."

THE END

Scrambled History Contest

$250

IN SIXTY-FOUR CASH PRIZES

Last Chance to Get Into the Money This Week!
Your Chance to Win Is Excellent

LAST chance to win that Scrambled History cash prize this week! If you have delayed entering this contest in past weeks, get busy now. This is the final contest of the current series.

In case these contests are new to you, here is the story. The ten jumbled statements below contain names, dates, and events prominent in the history of America. To compete, simply rearrange the sentences into ten historically accurate statements. Then jot down the brief statement required by Rule 3 and mail your entry as instructed. That's all there is to it. If you enter, your chance to win is excellent. By capturing the first award you will have $50 extra to spend. The complete schedule of prizes is listed at the right. Why not try for one?

Any standard American History will give adequate assistance if you require a reference book.

Be sure you mail your entry on time. This contest closes on Monday, November 27.

HERE ARE THE TEN SCRAMBLED HISTORY SENTENCES

1. America's first railroad, from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills, was inaugurated in 1851 with a locomotive built by Neal Dow.

2. The Whisky Rebellion on September 14, 1847, was staged by distillers in Rhode Island who objected that only landowners and their eldest sons were allowed to vote.

3. The states of Montana, Washington, North Dakota, and South Dakota, admitted in November, 1890, brought the states in the Union to forty-four.

4. Gold was discovered in California in the spring of 1819 near the mill of Captain Winfield Scott.

5. Peter Cooper fostered the first prohibition law adopted by Maine in 1830.

6. The Dorr Rebellion in western Pennsylvania in 1842 resulted from objections to federal taxes on the manufacture of whisky.

7. Florida was purchased from Mexico in 1848 for $5,000,000.

8. In the summer of 1889 the new states of Idaho and Wyoming were admitted to the Union.

9. The City of Spain was taken by General Sutter on the morning of May 24, 1844.

10. Samuel F. B. Morse sent the first telegraph message from Baltimore to the Supreme Court Room in the Capitol in 1794.

YOU CAN WIN ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$50
SECOND PRIZE	25
THIRD PRIZE	15
FOURTH PRIZE	10
Ten Prizes, Each $5	50
Fifty Prizes, Each $2	100
SIXTY-FOUR Prizes, Total	$250

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. Untangle the scrambled history in the ten contest sentences on this page by correlating the names, facts, and events in their proper relationship.

3. Then write a brief statement of not more than 300 words telling which of the events, in your opinion, had the greatest bearing on world history, and why.

4. Write on one side of paper only. Make sure your full name and complete address are written on the upper right-hand corner of your first sheet.

5. Mail your entry to SCRAMBLED HISTORY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. This contest closes with the close of business Monday, November 27, 1933. Entries received later will not be considered.

7. Entries will be judged on the accuracy of the correlation of names, dates, and events, and the interest and clarity of the accompanying letter.

8. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

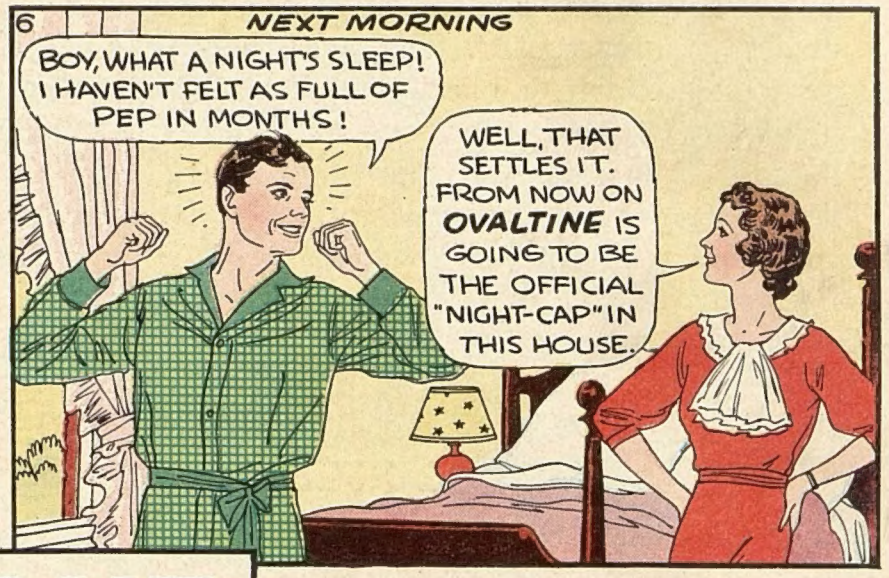
9. Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the prize schedule printed above. In case of a tie or ties the full amount of the prize tied for will be paid to each contestant so tying.

NEXT WEEK—HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST WITH $400 TO WIN!

1
NO USE TALKING, MYRTLE--THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE "GETTING" ME. I'LL BE A TOTAL LOSS AT THE OFFICE AGAIN TODAY.
AGAIN? WHY JIM, I'M REALLY GETTING WORRIED.

2
THAT AFTERNOON
...AND HE HAD A TERRIBLE TIME WITH SLEEPLESS NIGHTS UNTIL SOMEONE TOLD HIM ABOUT OVALTINE.
OVALTINE! OF COURSE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?
MYRTLE--- ON A SHOPPING TOUR

3
MY HUSBAND HASN'T BEEN SLEEPING WELL, MR. SAUNDERS--SO I THOUGHT WE'D TRY OVALTINE
IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM, MRS. HOUSTON--IT'S THE ONE WAY I KNOW OF TO GET SOUND SLEEP WITHOUT DRUGS.
DRUG STORE


6
NEXT MORNING
BOY, WHAT A NIGHT'S SLEEP! I HAVEN'T FELT AS FULL OF PEP IN MONTHS!
WELL, THAT SETTLES IT. FROM NOW ON OVALTINE IS GOING TO BE THE OFFICIAL "NIGHT-CAP" IN THIS HOUSE.

SLEEP TONIGHT

This Natural, Drugless Way

HERE'S a way to get your 8 full hours of sound sleep tonight—entirely without drugs. A delicious food-drink that not only brings you restful sleep *tonight* but, taken regularly, restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night. And greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue.

This remarkable food-drink (called Ovaltine) acts to combat the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness in 3 different ways.

First: Ovaltine, taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

Third: Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

A cup of Ovaltine, in fact, provides, in easily digested form, the food elements necessary for rebuilding nerve, brain and muscle tissues while you sleep. That's why millions take it night after night largely on physicians' advice.

Start tonight! Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a cup of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. See for yourself how quickly sleep comes—how much better you rest. Or, if you prefer, send the coupon at right for the generous trial supply that's offered here.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children —and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. Li 11A
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....
(One package to a person)

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula. 981-R